The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1914.

Summary of the News

Various complications have occurred during the past week to add to the difficulties of the Administration in dealing with the Mexican situation. Villa's action in expelling all Spaniards from Torreon was the occasion of an appeal by the Spanish Minister at Washington to the State Department, and representations have been made to Villa and Carranza protesting against the deportations. So far, however, the protest has been without effect. A serious incident took place on Thursday, at Tampico, where some American marines who had landed to obtain a supply of gasolene were arrested by orders of a Federal colonel. Rear-Admiral Mayo took prompt measures to have the men released, and demanded of Gen. Zaragoza, commander of the garrison, that his troops should parade and salute the American flag before six o'clock on Friday evening in token of apology. Subsequentlv the matter was taken up by the State Department with Gen. Huerta. The latter expressed regret for the incident, but declared that sufficient compensation had been made by the apology tendered by Gen. Zaragoza, and that it would be derogatory to national dignity to comply with Admiral Mayo's demand. On Tuesday, after a prolonged meeting of the Cabinet, Secretary Daniels ordered the concentration of the Atlantic fleet at Tampico, in readiness to enforce an ultimatum if necessary. The Administration has declared its determination to insist on the demand that the Mexican authorities at Tampico fire a salute to the American flag. The fighting during the past week at Tampico, in the course of which extensive damage was done to oil warehouses owned by foreigners, appears to have resulted slightly in favor of the Federals. There have been rumors, also, of rebel reverses at Torreon.

The Senate Committee on Interoceanic Canals began its formal consideration of the repeal of the exemption clause in the Panama Canal Tolls bill on Monday. The only important development of the situation has been Mr. Bryan's statement, made through the *Commoner*, that the free-tolls plank in the Baltimore platform was not rightly understood by the great majority of the delegates, and that in any case the Democratic party's traditional opposition to the principle of subsidies should govern the situation.

The agreement with Colombia, signed at Bogotá on April 8, should settle a ten years' dispute between that country and the United States. The treaty calls for the payment by the United States of $25,000,000, for recognition of the ancient boundary line of the province of Panama, and for the good offices of this country in the settlement of any dispute between the republics of Panama and Colombia. In return Colombia abandons her demand for arbitration of the question, and recognizes the independence of Panama as an accomplished fact. Dissatisfaction with the terms of the treaty has been expressed in both countries, and its ratification is not absolutely assured. Here the opposition has raised the familiar cry that the treaty is "humiliating," and in Colombia it is asserted by an extreme element that $25,000,000 is too low a sum to accept in settlement of its claim for damages. The Colombian Senate has been convoked for an extra session on May 1 to consider the ratification of the treaty.

Prospects of Congress enjoying a respite from its labors in the near future appear remote. Indications are that the President will not relax his pressure until the question of rural credit and the Trust bills are disposed of.

The Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation bill was reported to the House on April 11. Besides the authorized purchase of embassy buildings at Mexico City, Berne, and Tokio, the measure increases the State Department contingent fund by $33,000, so as to increase the rental allowance for the embassies at London, Paris, Berlin, and St. Petersburg to $15,000, and at Rome, Madrid, and Vienna to $10,000.

Only a light vote was recorded in the special election held in New York State last week, which decided in favor of a convention for the revision of the Constitution. The voting in the State was opposed to the project, but it was carried by the overwhelming majority in New York city. In consequence of the failure of the Legislature to pass appropriation bills in the last session, Gov. Glynn has issued a proclamation convening the Legislature in extraordinary session on May 4, in which he will recommend nothing for consideration except financial legislation.

The question of France's participation in the Panama Exposition is still being agitated. An article last Saturday in the Government *Petit Parisien*, according to the Paris correspondent of the New York *Sun*, quoted the President of the Paris Chamber of Commerce as declaring that "France must abstain from participation until the United States adopts less rigorous measures in the Customs Department, ceases the examination of French business accounts, and revises the laws against the importation of plumage." The article urges the Government to maintain a firm attitude on the question.

The situation in Britain on the Home Rule question has remained unchanged, Parliament having adjourned over the Easter recess. Mr. Asquith was returned from his constituency of East Fife to the House of Commons unopposed on April 9, taking his seat when Parliament reassembled on Tuesday. Lieut.-Gen. Sir Henry Sclater has been appointed adjutant-general to the forces in succession to Lieut.-Gen. Sir John Ewart, who resigned the post as a result of the Government's disavowal of the "guarantee" to officers in Ireland.

The proposed French loan to Turkey was ratified on April 10. The loan will be for $160,000,000, and in return France will obtain railway concessions in Asia Minor and at Jaffa and Jerusalem.

The Italian Government has made elaborate arrangements to cope with the general strike of railway employees which threatened to commence yesterday. Troops were posted at various depots, and, as it was feared that the seamen would join in the strike, warships were dispatched to Naples and Genoa to provide crews for steamers carrying the mails. The demands of the employees of the Government-owned lines are for a minimum wage of sixty cents a day, for shorter hours, and for the provision of pensions. Signor Salandra, the Premier, in announcing his legislative programme on April 4, adopted a conciliatory attitude towards the men, but made no definite promises. To meet the demands of the men, it is said, would increase the budget by $20,000,000, a strain which the country could ill afford at the present time, since provision has still to be made for the expenses of the war in Tripoli and for the increase in the army.

Official announcement was made on April 11 that Italy would refuse to restore to Turkey the islands in the Ægean that she still holds, except in return for railway and other concessions in Asia Minor.

In pursuance of her policy of naval expansion, announced by the Minister of Marine on March 19, Greece purchased last week for $1,200,000 the cruiser Fei-Hung, which was being built for China by the New York Shipbuilding Company at Camden, N. J. Simultaneously she ordered from a French company a 24,000-ton battleship of the Lorraine type, to be delivered in 1916.

The convention which has been held in China for the revision of the Constitution concluded its deliberations on Monday. According to the new Constitution, almost absolute power is vested in the President, who will be assisted by an advisory board in financial matters. The Cabinet is abolished, and its members become merely heads of departments. Provision is also made for the establishment of a Department of State modelled on that of the United States.

The deaths of the week include: George Bentham, Dr. Alexander F. Chamberlain, April 8; the Dowager Empress of Japan, Pierre Sales, Eben S. Draper, April 9; Lord Suffield, April 10; Col. Norwood Penrose Hallowell, Rear-Admiral Andrew Dunlap, April 11; the Right Rev. Charles C. Penick, April 13.

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The Week

The general nature of the new treaty with Colombia seems to have been correctly described in the dispatches from Bogotá. A lump sum, $25,000,000, or something like that, is to be paid to Colombia by the United States. The latter is also to assent to the ancient boundary line of the province of Panama, and is to lend good offices to help bring about the settlement of the outstanding questions between Colombia and the Republic of Panama. In return for all this, Colombia will drop the claims against our Government which she has been urging for eleven years, and will consider that friendly relations between the two countries are completely restored. It is hinted that the treaty is also to contain, or is to be accompanied by, an expression of regret for the course of our Government on the Isthmus in 1903. Should this prove to be the case, there will inevitably be a furious outcry in this country. What, apologize? Never! Let us pay and say nothing about it. This very statement of what, we suppose, will be the attitude of many, shows that a formal apology is really immaterial. The probability is, we should say, that none will be made. It is not necessary. It is implied in the very act of handing over the money for the injuries done to Colombia.

The latest straw at which the opponents of the Panama tolls repeal are grasping is an alleged provision in the new treaty with Colombia. This is said to concede free passage through the Canal to Colombian public ships. And the cry is that here we have an admission that there can be discrimination at Panama, that the ships of "all nations" are not to be treated exactly alike. But Senator O'Gorman and those who think as he does will burn their fingers if they seize upon this too hastily. They will discover, first of all, that a similar provision covering public ships was made in the treaty with Panama. They will also find that a virtually identical provision was in the treaty which Secretary Root, acting for President Roosevelt, negotiated with Colombia, but which was not ratified. And what is the unavoidable inference? Why, that all the talk about our having absolute sovereignty in the Zone and over the Canal is a mistake. As Senator Root put it, we took title to the Zone and the Canal from Panama "impressed with a solemn trust." It was avowedly subject to all the stipulations of our treaty with Great Britain. If we violate those, we not only break a contract but are guilty of a breach of trust. The case was put with great power by Representative Stevens, of Minnesota, whose speech was quite the ablest made in the House. He proved conclusively that in the Canal we have "only a right of limited and qualified sovereignty in trust only for a specific purpose." This is why we think that those who oppose repeal had better let the Colombian treaty severely alone. Their whole contention is that we have unlimited sovereignty at Panama, and can do whatever we please with the Canal. But the treaty with Panama shows, what the one with Colombia will presumably show, that to speak of our absolute sovereignty in the Panama Zone is absolute nonsense.

The report by the House Committee on Insular Affairs of the bill "to provide a civil government for Porto Rico" is unanimously favorable, and puts in the way of prompt passage one of the essential measures announced in President Wilson's inaugural programme. Conferring United States citizenship upon the islanders, it provides also for an elective Senate of 19 members, thus placing the whole legislative power in the hands of the people. "The legislative branch of the Government should be entirely divorced from the executive," Chairman Jones declares, "except in so far as the Governor is given the absolute veto power over all legislation. Experience has shown that the Porto Ricans may be entrusted with the power to elect the members of both branches." A similar bill passed the House in 1910, but failed in the Senate. How antiquated is the governing enactment of 1900 is shown in the paradoxical fact that the Unionist party, the majority faction in the islands, is half-inclined to oppose the new law. The demands of the radicals are advancing to absolute independence, and they reason that the satisfaction of the popular desire for comparative self-government will shake their position. Citizenship, however, is urged by conservative Unionists, the Republican party, and by organized labor. The fitness of the islanders is indicated by the fact that the suffrage literacy test of the new bill could be met "by all who desired to become voters," so rapidly has education progressed.

The plan for a new basis of representation in Republican National Conventions, which has been sent out by a special committee of the Republican National Committee, has much to recommend it. It is not so radical as some that have been discussed, but it has what will be regarded by many as the great advantage over them of not reducing the Southern Republican vote to a position of utter insignificance, and thus in a sense giving the Southern elimination of the negro vote the status of a fact deliberately accepted by the Republican party. Under the plan proposed, every Congressional district will be specifically represented in the Convention; but this representation will not always consist of two delegates. There will be one delegate at least, and "an additional delegate from each Congress district in which the vote of 1908 for any Republican elector or the Republican nominee for Congress in 1904 shall not have been less than 7,500." The net result of this, it is stated, will be to reduce the percentage of the Southern and Territorial representation from approximately 35 per cent. of the Convention to less than 16 per cent. The measure would manifestly greatly increase the representative character of the Convention, and is open to a minimum of objection on abstract or general grounds. It now goes to the various State Conventions for approval. If ratified by States having a majority of the electoral vote, it will govern in the formation of the National Convention of 1916.

There is now and then a speech in Congress whose significance is at once apparent. In this class belong the remarks of Chairman Fitzgerald, of the Appropriations Committee, who on Friday used very plain English in telling his colleagues what he thought of their conduct in voting for "improper and improvident appropriations." He struck a hard blow in recalling how the Democrats "for thirteen years of my service in the House" charged the Republicans

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with gross extravagance, only to grow lukewarm about the principle of economy when the reins of government fell into their own hands. An especially good point, related to a deeper matter than mere extravagance, was touched upon in his appeal for support of the recommendations of the Appropriations Committee by the majority. With our lack of a budget, it is highly desirable that anything approaching a budget should be altered only for important reasons, and if individual members of the House are to amend appropriation bills to suit their individual wishes, there is an end of even the little that we have in the way of scientific financial management at Washington.

The executions at Sing Sing of the four gunmen who were convicted of the murder of Rosenthal were repulsive in themselves, and were made more so by the minute exploiting of grewsome details in the press. But we have at least the satisfaction of knowing that there was no miscarriage of justice. The law being what it is, the death penalty must be enforced in cases where guilt is undoubted; and the last doubt that the convicted men were really guilty was removed by the confession of one of them. It would have been a terrible thing if the new Becker trial should have brought out evidence that the men put to death on Monday were not the actual murderers of Rosenthal. This is not possible now. No one who read the careful review by the Court of Appeals of the gunmen's trial could have felt much doubt that they were duly convicted on sufficient evidence. Still, there was a bare possibility of mistake. But even that is now swept away. To Gov. Glynn the confession must have brought immense relief. He had been put under a great strain by urgent appeals for Executive clemency, but may now feel sure that he did his duty in denying them.

Philadelphia's Chamber of Commerce has now aligned itself with similar bodies in New York, Cleveland, and elsewhere in support of the President's position upon the repeal of the tolls-exemption clause. What makes this action notable is that it is a reversal, and by a unanimous vote, of the position previously taken. This sets the example for the two Senators from Pennsylvania, an example they might the more readily follow since considerations of national honor were enforced with the argument that the repeal would be a good business stroke. All these resolutions of business organizations provide an instructive comment upon the eagerness with which we were urged to exercise Yankee shrewdness and "get something" that our fellow-bargainer did not suppose was in the instrument he was signing. Chambers of Commerce are not composed of theorizers or idealistic Presidents, but of more than ordinarily successful business men. Yet the most important bodies of this sort in the country are favoring the killing of the goose that was to lay golden eggs for Uncle Sam. It would seem not only that the goose was stolen, but that its laying powers were overrated.

Gratifying news comes from North Carolina that the Supreme Court of that State has declared invalid the ordinance of the city of Winston-Salem establishing segregation of whites and blacks. Thus far, every time one of these ordinances has been tested in the courts it has been thrown out as unconstitutional. Twice this result has been accomplished in Baltimore, and now a third ordinance is on its way to a ruling. A second ordinance in Norfolk, Va., will be tested as promptly as possible. In the Winston-Salem case, the Court is reported to have held that the ordinance sanctioned the taking of property without due legal process, and that the establishment of such a principle might result in such restrictions as to "drive out Republicans, Roman Catholics, or Jews." The Court has here put its finger on an ultimate danger from the establishment of this policy of segregation which Southern men ought never to lose sight of. It would be an entering wedge that might, and probably would, lead to other intolerable abuses which no man can now foresee. The only refuge for those who would establish the ghetto on American soil at any cost would seem to-day to be to follow the example of Clarence Poe, who is leading the North Carolina agitation for segregation of negro farmers in certain sections of the State. He declares openly that if a Constitutional law cannot be drawn to accomplish this "the South will find a way to get around the Constitution," as, he adds, it has already found several ways of circumventing that instrument.

The prompt action of the Rockefeller Foundation in appropriating $750,000 to the relief of Wellesley College, is a reminder of the care and discrimination with which the resources of this fund are managed, making its usefulness far greater than its mere size would guarantee. The trustees of Wellesley announce that they are going to start a campaign at once for the raising of a fund of $2,000,000, and they will undoubtedly enter upon the task with the greater heartiness and confidence because of the encouragement which this gift provides, and because of the relief from immediate perplexities which it affords. During its forty years of usefulness and success, Wellesley has established claims of affection and respect upon many thousands of women and of men, and we have no doubt that the efforts of the trustees will be heartily seconded in many parts of the country.

In preparing its "White List" of plays, the Catholic Theatre Movement is guided by rules as sensible as they are simple. In order that it be included in the list "there should be a general agreement that a play is clean and wholesome," and "the play should be fit for theatregoers of all ages and suited to varied tastes." For the purposes of a black list, these rules, or rather their converse, might be too exigent; but there is good work to be done by a white list, and the number of persons interested in it is far greater than is usually recognized. There are plays which fall outside the description cited, and which nevertheless have good reason for being; but there are thousands of persons, old and young, who wish to go to the theatre solely for recreation or edification, and who would most gladly pay the price of losing now and then a "problem" play they might have cared for, for the great gain and comfort of being protected against the whole brood of plays that offend either their taste or their sense of morality or decency. In providing the "average" man and woman, throughout the country, with a list of plays to which he can go, and take his young people, without

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being confronted either with outrageous offensiveness or with performances that perilously skirt the border of it, the Catholic Theatre Movement is doing a good service.

Of Clyde Fitch's play, "The Truth," which has been put on for a revival, one commentator remarks that, to the great credit of the play, "it wears well and very few of its lines have grown stale in the interval." The play was originally produced in the dim past of seven and a half years ago. Considering the pace of life to-day, this must be accepted as a record that will easily hold its own against the three hundred odd years through which "Hamlet" and "The Merchant of Venice" have managed to keep their heads above water. Seven years of contemporary evolution are easily equal to a cycle or two of life in the premaxixe days. Yet sometimes one is inclined to wonder whether the Elizabethan dramatist and the dramatists of the age of Louis XIV, and other stuffy classics whom a modern age very properly sniffs at, did not succeed in putting something into their lines and something into their men and women which wears better than the up-to-date play of throbbing actuality produced piping hot off the griddle. Plays written twenty or twenty-five years ago need only to be half-rewritten to hold a present-day audience, say, for a two or three weeks' run. There are advanced young women in London who find Bernard Shaw painfully "Edwardian." How true to life those plays palpitating with the actualities of to-day must be!

No one can say that English men of letters are letting the legions thunder by while they are plunged in thought. The Ulster and army crisis has brought a number of critics and novelists and poets out of their ivory towers. Prof. George Saintsbury came up from his favorite haunt down among the dead men, long enough to explode in a letter to the London *Times* on "The Plot." His theory of it was that the Liberal plotters counted upon the failure of their scheme to provoke the Ulstermen to begin firing, in the asute conviction that this would give them a new "cry" —namely, "against the Army and perhaps against Some One Else." This, according to Professor Saintsbury, who in this matter is too clever by half, was the real "plot." But upon him Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson fell rather savagely in the *Westminster Gazette;* and in the same newspaper Mr. Maurice Hewlett declared, with a fine adaptation of his antiquarian studies to present conditions, that "the Feudal Party, the Norman party [meaning, of course, the Conservative], by its incredible levity and hotheaded panic has ruined itself." Finally Henry Newbolt makes an appeal to all moderate men, asserting as a good Liberal that "we cannot resign ourselves to the use of force until our opponents have rejected not only our reasoning but our courtesy."

Far be it from an American, after "The Girl of the Golden West," to question the glory of Puccini; but one wonders what will be the emotions of Seattle, San Francisco, and Denver, as they read in the *Mondo Artistico* of the "irradiation of the composer's works." This Italian journal is not content with Puccini's European triumphs, or with the fact that London companies have carried his operas into the Transvaal, India, and Australia; and that they may be heard in Turkey and in Japan. It goes even beyond New York for a climax. "In the Far West, where musical work has never before been heard, the miners bid for their seats with gold-dust; and a pair of scales, placed in the rude box-office window, weighs out the price of a ticket." It is comforting, in this conception of the opera-going public beyond the Platte, that the writer still thinks it so hungry for culture. But the *Mondo Artistico* should consider a single clipping from the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*. That paper has been complaining that the trouble with Western opera is that the managers insist on $10,000 performances, with the result that the audiences are exclusively the silk and broadcloth class, glittering with jewels. The Italian journal could revise its picture of a Western Senator-millionaire, setting his pick in one corner as he draws from his overalls a bag of gold-dust.

News that Galdós, for years the foremost man of letters in Spain, is in such want in his old age that a popular subscription is resorted to in order to relieve him from actual penury, has pathetic bearings. These are public as well as personal. If any man in Spain could live by his pen, and lay up something for his later years, it would seem that Galdós could. With a literary career covering about forty years, fecund, popular, a really great writer—that such a man should be in need brings out afresh the meagre rewards which Spain can offer to even her most successful novelists and playwrights. Galdós has a long row of admired novels to his credit, not counting the many volumes of his "Episodios Nacionales," in which he put into fiction the most dramatic events of modern Spanish history. He also wrote several dramas, at least some of which provoked much controversy and had, for Spain, long runs. But now in declining vigor—his age is sixty-five —he has nothing. Private resources are, indeed, almost indispensable to the Spanish writer. Valera had independent means, and so had Pereda; while the now venerable dramatist, Echegaray, recently the recipient of the Nobel prize, was for years an active engineer.

It is hard not to read something of a public purpose into the approaching visit of Queen Eleonore of Bulgaria, officially undertaken for the purpose of making a study of hospital methods in this country. As an aftermath of the second Balkan war there has been active competition, especially as between Bulgaria and Greece, for the support of public opinion throughout the world. Up to date the Greeks have apparently had much the better of it. From the first outbreak of fighting among the Balkan allies, it was Bulgaria's complaint that Greece had obtained complete control of the channels of news, with the result that Bulgaria was made responsible before the world for the outbreak of the barbarous war among the allies and the unspeakable outrages visited upon the people of the territory conquered from the Turk. Investigation has by no means cleared the Bulgarian Government of responsibility in the matter. The Greek press campaign is still very active, and this country, with its large Balkan population, of whom, especially among the Greeks, many are prosperous, is by no means a negligible field for controversy. The visit of the Bulgarian Queen, for one thing, may well rouse the patriotism of her former subjects.

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ISOLATION NOT AT ALL SPLENDID.

One advantage of the happy-go-lucky rules of the Senate, permitting a speech on any subject at any time, is that attempts to delay bills by holding them in committee do not prevent their discussion. They are not before the Senate, but they can be debated just as if they were. Senator O'Gorman's committee began hearings on the tolls-repeal bill, which are to continue for more than a week, but Senator after Senator is speaking on it. Several notable speeches have already been made in the Senate, but none of them will attract more attention than the one delivered last Thursday by Senator Lodge.

His support of President Wilson, in the matter of tolls-exemption, carries weight not merely because he has been a stern and unbending Republican, nor even because he is ranking minority member of the Foreign Affairs Committee. He does not agree in all respects with Mr. Wilson's interpretation of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, but he does fully agree with him in affirming that all the world is against us in that dispute. And Mr. Lodge went further, declaring that the United States has fallen under suspicion in foreign countries. He traced the loss of "the commanding influence we held among the nations" back to 1909. It really traces to events long anterior to that year. But this does not now signify so much as the solemn warning which Mr. Lodge addressed to the Senate against supposing that we could safely go on even appearing to be a nation that held its treaty obligations light, that professed one thing and did another, that by its foreign policy implanted fear among the weak and provoked dislike among the strong.

Striking confirmation of Senator Lodge's belief that we have got ourselves looked upon with a mixture of dread and ill-will, at least in South America, has come to hand in the full text of the address of the President of the Museo Social of Buenos Ayres, at its banquet in honor of Col. Roosevelt, last November. The occasion was one of great cordiality, yet the President of the Museo, Dr. Emilio Frers, felt compelled in honesty to inform the guest of honor concerning the true feeling of South Americans about the United States. In words evidently weighed with care, he said:

> Gentlemen—There is a dominating fact in all Spanish America. It is a manifest and undeniable fact, and it would be a great error, to my mind, to attempt to silence or even to disguise it.
>
> This fact, gentlemen, is that there exists a deep sentiment of apprehension, which disturbs Spanish America and inspires it with precautions, causing it to withdraw itself instinctively, and to its own hurt, from the grand centre of civilizing light and power established in the North of the Continent. The establishment of United States interests in Spanish America is feared, because it is feared that they may incite and cause intervention, which no people can accept with good will. Such a fear holds it back from more open and friendly relationship with the great nation of the North.
>
> Col. Roosevelt, the nations of Latin America will not feel at their ease so long as they do not rest in the security that no master may arise for them, either from within or from without, and that no one, no matter where he may come from, may place in danger their integrity or their independence and sovereignty.

Senator Lodge would seemingly attribute this South American disquietude to Secretary Knox's Pittsburgh touch. The thing plainly goes further back. No complete and candid account could leave out the effect of the war with Spain, our course in Cuba, our policy in Santo Domingo, and our seizure of Panama. These were the events which, with their immense reverberation throughout all Spanish America, were chiefly responsible for causing our southern neighbors to feel that they must be on their guard in all dealings with the United States.

We do not care, however, to labor this point at present. It is not with the cause of the unhappy condition that we need to concern ourselves so much as with the course which it is necessary for us to pursue in order to remove it. Senator Lodge is of one mind with President Wilson in maintaining that true wisdom requires us to clear away every needless obstacle to the best of understandings with other countries, and to strain a point, if need be, in order to establish beyond dispute the purpose of the United States to be both just and magnanimous in every matter having international bearings. What the other view is we know. Speaker Clark set it forth with the old-style swash-buckling and ignorance of the corner grocery. We are to confront a world in arms. We are to call upon the God of our fathers to be with us yet. It is not necessary to repeat more of the stuff, which might be called childish if that were not to insult the child. The chief quality of it, however, is not its silliness, but its insincerity. None of these Furiosos have the slightest idea of fighting. Their rhodomontade about facing a hostile world in war is of the hollowest kind. They are not even talking for Buncombe, for Buncombe County itself has outgrown this kind of nonsense. They are really appealing to beings who do not exist—a sort of tribe of Hearsts, whom they suppose to be mouthing and gibbering in the depths of the forest. But everybody with intelligence equal to that of Silurian man knows that the idea of rejoicing because the hand of this nation is against every other, and that we ought to be proudest when most distrusted, can find lodgment only in the brain of an idiot. A great industrial democracy, our first and absorbing thought must be, not of war, but of commerce. With our trade pushing into remotest seas, it is our plain interest to conciliate the world, not to antagonize it. Our needs and our opportunity being what they are, a spirit of haughty self-sufficiency, much more a spirit of defiant isolation, would be pure folly.

THE "TRUST BILLS."

It has been intimated that Congressional leaders are seriously discussing whether the effort to enact the proposed or pending "Trust bills" should not be abandoned for the present session. What the Administration's precise policy on the question is has not been made wholly clear; but to most observers it has been evident, from the time when serious consideration of these measures began, in January, that the task was no such simple matter as may originally have been supposed. Even in the case of measures whose general purpose was to abate admitted evils—as with those aimed at holding companies and interlocking directorates—the first examination of the problem, in committee, showed the very great difficulty of prohibiting abuses without interfering with legitimate and necessary arrangements.

Sweeping prohibition would in the one case prevent the use of the holding-company device which laws of the separate States made indispensable to certain interstate corporations. Applied in the other case, it would prevent the proper selection of directorates for companies organized in hundreds of smaller towns. The Interstate Trade Commis-

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sion, which the President seemed to have foreshadowed in his January message as a means of avoiding needlessly frequent prosecutions under the Anti-Trust law, was endowed with powers, in the original Clayton bill, which would have made it an engine of wholly superfluous and inquisitorial annoyance to every corporation in the country.

Even when modified, in deference to the unanimous disapproval with which its terms were received by conservative business men, the Trades Commission bill (the only one which has actually been drawn up and published) is obscure and vague in its terms and possibly unworkable in some of its details. As for the plan to construct a measure defining violations of the Anti-Trust law, so as to "limit the debatable ground," this was at once abandoned as impracticable. Congressmen who considered the suggestion promptly recognized that such an act would, as the eminent author of the Anti-Trust law put it, be an attempt at a "definition of a definition."

There would, therefore, be sufficient reason, in our judgment, for abandoning the programme from the simple fact that the discussion, up to date, has shown the entire unwisdom and impracticability of hasty procedure. It is well known in Washington that the committees which have in charge the various measures are in such disagreement over them as to be in a state of deadlock. Congress itself has shown little interest in the bills. It apparently recognizes both that no urgent public demand or public necessity exists for quick enactment of any such measures and that their prolonged consideration and discussion would impede the proper deliberation on other and more immediately important measures. This Congress has already been in practically continuous session for a much longer period than any previous Congress in the country's history; and its members naturally and properly wish to wind up the business at a date early enough to give them opportunity to prepare for the Congressional campaign.

Nor do these considerations exhaust the legitimate arguments for abandoning at present plans for far-reaching "Trust legislation." It is undeniable that, in the present condition of the country's business, the effect of the more or less futile controversy over the new proposals has been exceedingly unhappy. The contrast between the feeling of the business community towards Washington, as displayed three months ago, when the banking bill had been enacted, and as displayed to-day, is most impressive. We do not say that all of this change, from cheerful enthusiasm (voiced on the Stock Exchange itself) to the existing perplexity and depression, is a result of the intervening incidents in Congress. Other influences have doubtless been at work, and the tendency to place on "politics" all the blame for every trade reaction is a familiar story. More than this, we are ready to express our own conviction that if these "Trust bills" were before us in response to an urgent and enlightened public demand—with a view to reform of corporate abuses which required immediate correction and which only such legislation would correct—then the plea that Congress was "disturbing business" could not properly be considered.

But no such situation exists. Public demand for immediate action on the bills has signally failed to voice itself, in committee hearings or elsewhere. By common recognition, corporate abuses are at the moment being restrained, through the authority already in the hands of Government, as they have not been since the era of reckless High Finance began in 1899. But meantime, with business depression noticeable, despite the fact that predictions of the "flood of competing foreign merchandise" under the lower tariff have not been fulfilled, it is not surprising that the feeling of hesitation should be emphasized by the continuing great uncertainty as to this body of legislation. It is not unreasonable for business men to declare that the overhanging doubts about these bills are at least an obstacle to recovery.

The last thing that the Administration should desire just now is popular resentment over the irritating influence of the corporation legislation upon business sentiment. Though such resentment is apt to be based on extravagant, unjust inferences, it is very powerful in politics, and might cause a vote, next November, which would be hailed by the Opposition party as expression of discontent with the really great legislative achievements of the session.

NEW HOPE FOR PROTECTIONISTS.

The tariff question has so long seemed to have degenerated into a mere affair of particular rates and schedules, that we greet with joy a reminder of the good old times when antagonists joined issue on broader grounds. The Philadelphia *Ledger*, moved to stern condemnation of the Democrats by the showing of certain increased imports under the new tariff, is not content to rest its case on any mere details of this kind. It goes back to first principles; and for these it finds an all-sufficient text in this familiar "Lincoln" quotation:

> I do not know much about the tariff, but I know this much, when we buy manufactured goods abroad we get the goods and the foreigner gets the money. When we buy manufactured goods at home we get both the goods and the money.

We have never seen any reference to the place or time when Lincoln said this, often as we have seen it quoted; but possibly Lincoln did say it. Our Philadelphia contemporary accepts it as not only a Lincoln utterance, but as one of his greatest sayings. "His Gettysburg speech is a classic," says the *Ledger*, "but he did not compress in it so much as he did" in this wonderful statement about the money and the goods.

In thus not only recalling to life an old-time favorite of protectionism, but assigning to it a place alongside the most famous example of American eloquence, the *Ledger* may be doing a greater service than it realizes. The Republican party, ever since the split at Chicago, has been sadly in need of a rallying-cry. The tariff issue it still has; but all the snap has gone out of it. "Difference in cost of production" was fatally lacking in inspiring quality from the beginning; and the little virtue it did have was soon rubbed out of it by the hardest kind of wear and tear. Why not wake the country up with the slogan of "Lincoln Americanism—both the goods and the money"? That is something which the plain people could understand; and plain or not plain, everybody would rather have both the goods and the money than be content with the mere goods and let the money go.

If this goods-and-money declaration however, had no other merit than its vote-catching quality, we should hesi-

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tate to recommend its adoption as the chief rallying-cry of a great party. What marks it out as particularly worthy of this distinction is that it not only harks back to the momentarily forgotten wisdom of the past, but holds out the possibility of new and beneficent developments for the future. For when the mind of the nation, freed from the trivialities with which the economists have been confusing it, gets the "Lincoln" doctrine firmly fixed in its grasp, we may confidently expect that doctrine to be applied not merely to foreign trade, but also to that vast trade within our own borders in comparison with which our foreign commerce is a mere bagatelle. Let the people once clearly understand that by sternly refusing to buy goods from other nations they could have the goods all the same, and in addition the billion dollars or thereabout which they now annually pay for them, and it will not take long for American shrewdness to discover that the game can be worked on a larger scale. Let the Middle West refuse to buy from New England, the Pacific Coast from the Middle West, the South from the North, and so on; it is clear that if each of these great sections holds on to the money it now sends out, while sacrificing nothing in the way of goods, the whole country will before long be blessed with riches beyond the dreams of avarice. Coxey himself could demand no more of his Government fiat-money printing-press than would thus be supplied to the American people, in the shape of good hard cash, by the normal operations of ordinary business.

It is true that in forming this picture of overflowing prosperity, we are ignoring the stock objections of economic theorists to the central principles of a simple and robust protectionism. But that is nothing to the purpose. As the Philadelphia paper says, Lincoln "did not have much use for theories of any kind; but he was gifted with enough horse-sense to understand what going abroad for goods meant." And all we ask is that while you are about it you should work your horse-sense for all it is worth. Don't be put into a position in which you may at any moment be asked to explain why it is not just as foolish for Massachusetts to buy automobiles in Michigan, or for Michigan to buy cotton and woollen goods in Massachusetts, as for our country to buy from Europe the manufactures we import every year. Have the courage of your convictions. The cure for protectionism is more protectionism. The mistake we have been making all along is to pay too much attention to the specious argumentation of theorists. If we had followed the dictates of horse-sense, we should have seen to it long ago that no section of the Union committed the folly of buying goods from any other when by making them itself it could have the goods and the money too. It is a little bewildering, to be sure, to think this doctrine out to its still further consequences; but few people will be so speculative as to do that. There is such a thing as running even horse-sense into the ground. We would suggest, therefore, as a first stage in the great scheme of the higher protectionism, the division of the country into twelve sections, coincident with the twelve areas tributary to the new regional banks. After each of these great sections has succeeded in pulling itself up by the bootstraps by means of a protective tariff directed against the other eleven, there will be time enough to think about further developments of the principle.

IS THE ARMY EFFICIENT?

Mr. Charles Johnson Post, whose severe criticisms of the army in *Harper's Weekly* have roused the enmity of the entire service, declares in a recent letter to the New York *Evening Post* that:

> The administration of the army is inefficient, due to the fact of an archaic system under which stupidity, viciousness, and favoritism shuffle along side by side with efficiency in an indistinguishable mass, getting promotions and responsibilities mainly as a matter of longevity.

He maintains that the laws and regulations under which the army is administered are largely obsolete, and can be turned about at will by those in power. He also affirms that "any organization from which, as has occurred in the army, over 46,000 men desert in ten years, preferring to accept the status of the hunted criminal rather than remain, is not only inefficient in its own particular domain, but is inefficient and derelict in its duties to the commonwealth." He adds that the plea that the army is at the mercy of politicians is a "pitiable shelter for officers to take refuge in" when excusing the derelictions of the service.

Yet it would be grossly unfair to the army not to take account of the actions of the politicians and War Department administrators, in assessing the blame for the army's shortcomings. It is in many aspects an inefficient department of the Government; the roll of desertions proves that, for the Government loses money whenever a soldier deserts. Efficiency would require every man to serve out the exact term of his enlistment, and the oftener he could be induced to reënlist the more veteran, and therefore more efficient, would be the various regiments. For this reason the *Nation* has long urged that the number of desertions from a company or a regiment should be entered on the record of each commanding officer. We venture again to assert that if this were done and officers were called strictly to account for desertions for other than unavoidable causes (such as the commission of crime by the deserter), there would be a marked decrease in the number of offenders of this type. Plainly, the responsibility for this rests with the War Department and not with the corps of officers. The efforts which have been made to check desertion have been along entirely different lines, such as rendering the service more attractive; but the bulldozing, overbearing officer, who appears now and then, is never punished—not if he drives fifteen or twenty men out of the service by the maladministration of his company.

There has as yet been no system devised for dropping an officer who is really inefficient, as would be done in any private industrial organization which had a pay-roll comprising 85,000 men. If he behaves himself he can hold on until he reaches the age of retiring; the promotion examinations do not interfere with his rise unless he is grossly ignorant. But in this respect the army is no different from any other branch of the service, unless the exception be the navy in later years. A Secretary of War once complained to us that the promotion boards did not promote properly or the retiring boards retire. The answer to this was that the War Department itself demoralized the integrity of such boards by constantly overruling them. We know of the case of a worthless coast artillery officer, son of a prominent Republican politician, who came before a promotion board in

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a state of intoxication. The board declined to examine him, and so reported him to Washington. The answer was to go ahead with the examination. The board found this officer morally and professionally disqualified, yet it was overruled in each instance, and the officer promoted, to disgrace the service until his death. Now, how could Mr. Post, or a Secretary of War, or any one else, expect the members of that board to take any interest in examining an officer thereafter? In any such organization the tone is taken from the head.

There are many such cases which could be cited—notably at the outbreak of the Spanish war, when medical boards were constantly overruled by the politicians. Now, we do not altogether excuse the officers who try comrades and are often too lenient with them, as Mr. Post proves. They know the injustice done the service by retaining men guilty of misbehavior, and they ought to have a sense of honor to lead them to overlook the vested rights officers deem themselves to possess when once commissioned, and they ought to do their duty regardless of War Department politics. But we submit that present conditions of the War Department are something of an excuse—for past conditions; present conditions seem to be better than those for some years past.

There is in all this a wonderful opportunity for a great administrator within the War Department. For the inefficiency extends to business methods as well as to the handling of the personnel. The waste and slothfulness of almost every Governmental department are here manifest; and there is red-tape for those to see who believe that the Government is better fitted to manage railways, telephones, and telegraphs than are private individuals. Even in military matters there is much inefficiency. Has any plan been drawn for putting the militia in service if there should have to be intervention in Mexico? We are credibly informed that this has only recently been undertaken in the case of one division, and that for the rest of the country we should be no better off than in 1898. Mr. Post, too, is correct in saying that the army officer is hedged about by regulations more or less archaic. The average officer has no such fear of future damnation as he has of breaking some minor administrative regulation, and of being rebuked because of a failure to dot an *i* or cross a *t*. Therein the service's sense of responsibility is of the highest. Finally, the question presents itself whether the whole military idea does not at present render efficiency impossible or attainable only at the cost of such army domination as Germany suffers from. Are there more than two or three efficient armies in the world—the German, Japanese, and perhaps the French?

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH NOVELISTS.

Looking back over the output of fiction during the present year, one is driven to confess that the showing made by American writers against their British competitors is nothing to be proud of. Out of the novels of the spring flight hardly a book of exceptional distinction emerges. If we go back so as to include the novels of the autumn of 1913, the balance swings a bit more in our favor, with the advantage still greatly on the other side. A mere comparison of names is convincing. Against Galsworthy, Wells, Conrad, Hewlett, De Morgan, Chesterton, and a whole array of younger men—W. B. Maxwell, James Stephens, Compton Mackenzie, D. H. Lawrence, Gilbert Cannan, Hugh Walpole—we can cite, in the way of novels of more or less serious moment, Mrs. Wharton's "Custom of the Country," Mrs. Watts's "Van Cleve," and Mr. Dawson's "The Garden Without Walls." By stretching a point, we may include amiable bits of work like the late Dr. Mitchell's "Westways" and Meredith Nicholson's "Otherwise Phyllis." On the other hand, it is a question whether Mr. Dawson should not be credited to England rather than to America.

Names of respectable strength are obviously missing from the American list. Yet we may imagine such names inscribed on our side of the ledger and still see how strong the account would run against us. We have our moments of exultation when we assert our literary independence of England—we do it more frequently in the theatre than in the novel, to be sure—and we have seasons like the present to administer a healthy and necessary dose of humility. Often the reaction goes too far. There is still, without doubt, a very strong tendency towards Anglomania among us. If Mrs. Wharton were an Englishwoman there would be less hesitation in certain intellectual circles to do justice to her splendid talents. Mrs. Watts, writing in England, would be received as a "serious" writer by serious people in this country who are deceived by the simple, unforced quality of her truthfulness. On the other hand, we are apt to be awed into accepting everything from the pen of H. G. Wells as vitally true and significant, and to pay a little more than is due to the talents of a De Morgan, while we—at least the youngest of us—are rather patronizing to the noble artistry of the veteran W. D. Howells. Yet, with all exceptions taken, the case does run pretty heavily against us—a fact which thoughtful Americans regularly take to heart.

Mr. Robert Herrick, in an article in the *Yale Review*, which has received extensive comment, is the latest to deplore the sad estate of the American novel. He is not despondent about the future. The opportunities for the production of great fiction are so splendid that sooner or later they must enforce adequate treatment:

> No backwater this! No dead sea of a monotonous and fixed social surface. All is alive and striving for more life. Life seethes in America from ocean to ocean. . . . In the clash of wills that may ensue before we adjust ourselves to the relentless pressure of economic laws, the profoundest material for imaginative treatment will emerge. . . . The old urge of justice, the old cry of freedom from tyranny, . . . the desire of the individual man or woman to prove life under tolerable conditions—these are becoming heard more loudly every day. . . . We shall hear less, let us hope, about the "captain of industry," and more about the American ideal, the American will, the American character.

Let us hope that it is not over-condensing Mr. Herrick's argument to put it that as we grow older we shall grow more serious. As we grow older, as we are buffeted more by social forces, we shall think more deeply and write more honestly. Yet along with so much that is true in Mr. Herrick's summary of the problem, there is, in the manner of stating it, a very real danger that his message may be misunderstood, may be turned to the encouragement of a tendency in our literature which is one of the prime causes of its obvious limitations. We refer to those very "oppor-

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tunities" which Mr. Herrick finds so abundant and so sadly neglected.

Altogether too much emphasis has been laid upon the "opportunities" that exist here in America for the creation of a great literature; as if great literature could not be produced and had not been produced under all opportunities and lack of opportunities, in the desert as well as in swarming cities, under despotisms and under political and social freedom, in great military empires and among petty nationalities. The opportunities are here, of course: democracy, vast populations, vast riches, racial complexity, magnificent geographical distances, stupendous economic forces. But none of those things, nor all of those things, when put into a novel, will make it a great novel. What makes a great novel is the soul of man. One soul is enough if honestly observed and honestly set down. That great opportunity is present everywhere. Cervantes found it in Spain and Turgenieff in Russia. We do not need the complexity of 100,000,000 people and two dozen strains of blood to foster great literature. Ibsen found plenty of opportunities in his two-by-four Norwegian native land.

Let us put into concrete terms the danger of misinterpretation which we discern in Mr. Herrick's remarks. What meaning will be read into them by the young American writer of talent who is ambitious to do serious work? Opportunities, social conflicts, justice, tyranny —why, the thing apparently to do must be to tackle some "problem of the day." And our young writer will immediately start to find his problem, the very captain of industry whom Mr. Herrick rejects, or the decay of religious faith, or the working classes, or suffrage, or rights and wrongs of a more abstract nature, but problems for all that. And with his problem he is lost, especially since he has not the supreme talent which may transmute a problem into universality. No; the trouble with our writers is not that they neglect their opportunities, but that they neglect their opportunity; that they think they are serious when they busy themselves with problems of the day, when they should be busying themselves with men and women.

Foreign Correspondence

A UNIQUE MAGAZINE.

(The Organ of the Liberal Party and Its Editor.)

LONDON, March 30.

The name of Charles Geake is unknown to the general public. It is unknown even to the rank and file of Liberal workers in the constituencies. But it is held in the highest respect by the leaders of the Liberal party, and by Mr. Geake's fellow journalists on both sides. "How unselfish his labors, how disinterested his work," was Mr. Birrell's comment on his career at a recent dinner given in his honor. "We are now dragging into the daylight," said the same speaker, "this shy and elusive figure, and hailing, perhaps for the first time, the author of our speeches and the purveyor of such of our facts as bear investigating."

As secretary of the Liberal Publication Department, Mr. Geake is especially busy at election times. But his activities are by no means limited to the periods when the two parties are contending at the polling-booths. He is responsible for getting out a shilling annual called "The Liberal Year-Book," and also the *Liberal Monthly*, an organ of popular propaganda, in which an effective letter-press is diversified by reproductions of the cartoons of "F. C. G." His most valuable services to the party, however, are probably those he renders as editor of the *Liberal Magazine*.

That much overworked term "unique" might justly be applied to this publication. If the Unionists have anything to match it, the existence of such a rival is an admirably kept secret. One may doubt whether its parallel is to be found in any other country. It might be compared in some respects to the campaign textbooks of the American parties, but there is the important difference that they are prepared for elections only whereas this is compiled and published regularly month by month all the year round. Like these textbooks, it does not attempt directly to win converts, but is for the help of workers within the party. It is primarily intended, so Mr. Geake himself puts it, "to assist Liberals with unassailable facts and figures, and watertight arguments."

In the first place, it supplies a diary of the political events of the previous month, including a record of the voting in the most important divisions in Parliament. The speeches of the month receive especially careful attention. They are rarely given in full, but extracts are made, with a precise note of place and date. "The right honorable gentleman is very eloquent to-day respecting the impossibility of raising wages by act of Parliament, but what did he say at Kidderminster on the 11th of November, 1912?" This is the kind of retort that tells, whether in a Parliamentary debate or before a popular audience, and Liberal speakers, as Mr. Birrell confessed at the dinner, owe to Mr. Geake much of their material for such rejoinders. "You may justly class yourself," said a Liberal M. P. to him the other day, "with the dentist who, as he complacently eyed a society beauty, said: 'Her smiles are mine.'" The remarkable thing is that Mr. Geake, in this capacity of a recording angel, seems to know not only what utterances are important to-day, but which of them are going to be important in five years' time.

There are usually also a few articles—closely packed with dates and quotations—tracing the recent developments of some particular question. If land reform, for instance, comes to the front, one is likely to find in the *Liberal Magazine* a summary of the policies advocated on the subject by the two parties respectively. Summaries are given of the most important bills introduced into Parliament, and of Government blue-books and returns, whether concerned with matters of party politics or not. Lastly, a complete index makes the bound volumes of the magazine virtually an encyclopædia of recent British politics.

When the political worker hears of a publication of this kind, there is one thing more that he wants to know about it. It may be a very skilful piece of journalism, and its summaries and comments may be cleverly written, but is there any risk of his getting into trouble if he quotes its statements or figures without verifying them? The answer is that never, throughout these twenty years during which Mr. Geake has edited it—so the Rt. Hon. Russell Rea, the chairman of the publication board, declares—has the magazine "been called upon to make a correction of any erroneous statement, or to make any excuse or apology for any misrepresentation of either the opinions or conduct of any political opponent."

If Charles Geake has been toiling for two decades in comparative obscurity, it is not because he had not the ability to cut a dash in public life if he had wished to become a prominent figure. He is a Cambridge man of high distinction, having been eighth wrangler, and a scholar, and afterwards a fellow, of his college. His mathematical training helped him in no small degree to tackle Mr. Chamberlain's elusive figures during the tariff controversy, besides giving him a precision of method that has served him to good purpose through his whole career. While at Cambridge he became editor of the *Granta*, a University magazine. One of his journalistic exploits is still joyfully remembered there. The hardest part of the mathematical tripos examination each year is the problems paper. It contains twenty-four problems, and a candidate acquits himself brilliantly if he can solve six of them. The paper is set on a Friday morning at nine o'clock, and half-past nine is the earliest moment at which an outsider can see a copy of it. One year Geake got three or four other expert mathematicians around him, and they set to work at 9:30 on the paper that had just been set in the Senate House. They kept hard at it all day long, and it was not until past midnight that the proofs of their day's work were passed. The subscribers to the *Granta* (including the examiners in the tripos), on opening their copies of the week's issue at breakfast on Saturday morning, were astonished to find

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among the contents the examination paper of the previous day, together with a complete answer to every question. There was an editorial note, explaining that the office boy had amused himself during the previous day by working out the problems without interfering with his regular duties.

Mr. Geake did not stay long at Cambridge after taking his degree, but came up to London and applied his talents to a journalism of wider influence than that of the *Granta*. The Liberal Publication Department has not absorbed all his energies, for he has been for many years a member of the editorial staff of the *Westminster Gazette*, whose "Notes of the Day" offer good scope for his brilliance and originality. "If I were a politician with a past," said the *Westminster* editor, Mr. Spender, at the recent dinner, "there is no man with whom I would less like to fall into a controversy than Geake." H. W. H.

EFFECTS OF THE BALKAN WAR ON AUSTRIA'S TRADE — PROBLEMS OF EMIGRATION AND FINANCE— THE PEACE CONGRESS.

VIENNA, March 30.

The Balkan War closed a very important door for Austria-Hungary. She no longer hopes to send any part of her surplus population to the Balkans, and since the war her trade with the countries lying to the southeast has been much reduced. Turkey was an excellent customer; it was a maxim of the Austrian tradesman that "Turkey always paid," and this applied not merely to the national debt of the country, but also to small private accounts between Viennese firms and Turkish houses.

Now that Turkey in Europe has been reduced to Constantinople and its small hinterland, Turkey in Asia must be regarded as the most probable market for Austrian goods in the near future. With this fact in view Austria-Hungary has arranged to send an imposing fleet to cruise in the Mediterranean for the express purpose of capturing trade. They will touch at Korfu, Malta, Alexandria, Beirut, Smyrna, Mytilene, Salonica, and the Piræus. On the return journey they are to cruise near the shore of the newly created kingdom of Albania and will put in at Durazzo. The commercial progress of Italy and of Germany in the Balkans is causing considerable alarm in Austria-Hungary, and it is hoped that something can be done to regain the position which she formerly held.

While taking means to obtain fresh markets, Austria-Hungary is losing others by her policy of guarding the frontiers. The new regulations preventing men between sixteen and thirty-four from leaving the country without showing satisfactory evidence that they have served their time as soldiers and afterwards as reservists, is beginning to press very hard upon commercial travellers and others, not only on the Galician frontier, where trouble was expected, but also towards Italy. The new Russian Ambassador, Prince Schebeko, has already been instructed to protest against the way in which Russian travellers are treated on the Austro-Hungarian frontier, and, although this is mainly due to the spy scare, it impedes trade. Reports of scandalous proceedings at the frontier town of Oderberg, where hundreds of emigrants were detained because their papers were not considered satisfactory, have reached Vienna.

Unscrupulous agents invite a large number of "season" emigrants to come to the frontier town offering them work in Germany, and are often unable to forward them to their destination at once, even when they are provided with the necessary passes. Added to these are intending emigrants, many of whom have borrowed a military pass belonging to comrades who are already in America, or who are detained on suspicion for one reason or another. These people are all lodged in offices and in empty shops, unprovided for in any way, and it is probable that the Government, which has virtually stopped emigration by way of Trieste and Fiume, for the present, will also put a check on season emigration and the transport of male emigrants by train to ports in other parts of Europe.

The whole business is to be reorganized, as soon as the various companies concerned in the trade have come to an agreement. Whether this will actually make any difference to the number of people that leave Austria-Hungary annually, with or without permission, remains to be seen. An emigrant expert assures me that it will mean absolutely no reduction. "Emigration from Russia is illegal," he said, "and the annual contingent of Russian emigrants is very large. The people wade through rivers, cross mountain passes, and take any risks rather than be balked of their wish to leave their native land. And this will be the same in Austria-Hungary."

The Austrian loan which was contemplated has not been floated, owing to the fact that the Parliament is indefinitely adjourned. The Government is being carried on by Paragraph 14, and this means that no "permanent" burden may be laid on the State, including naturally a loan. The present state of affairs originated in Czech obstruction, which again is connected with the long adjournment of the Bohemian Diet, and as a consequence the work of the Minister of Finance has for a long time been hampered. The immediate result of this situation is that the Austrian Government has again had to resort to the issue of Treasury bills; $150,000,000 will be asked for in all. In the absence of Parliament a large amount of work will be carried through; the recruit law is already passed, and other laws are awaiting passage. These laws will be submitted to the Parliament for ratification on its reassemblage, but as they will have already been executed by that time, the work of the national assembly resolves itself into a mere discussion of what has already been done.

A Peace Congress, coinciding with the twenty-fifth anniversary of the establishment of the Berne Peace Bureau, will be held in Vienna from September 15-19 of this year, and preparations are already being made for the reception of members and participants. The programme includes a visit to Budapest. A banquet will be given in the Vienna Rathhaus, one of the most interesting and characteristic buildings in the city, where the corporation stores large stocks of wine, in the good years, when it is cheap and plenty, and retails it to the population when ordinary table wine is expensive, owing to a failure of the crop. It is expected that Count Berchtold will receive the members in the rooms of the Foreign Office on the Ballplatz, and that various other functions will be arranged for their benefit. Papers will be read, during the meetings, by Dr. James L. Tryon, secretary of the American Peace Society, Boston; Gen. Sir Alfred Turner, and George Herbert Perris, of London; Baron Korff, and others. The draft of an international treaty for the diminution of armaments will be one of the subjects of discussion, while the evil effects of increased military and naval preparations on commerce and industry will also be debated, reports on the subject being read by Herr Miljukoff, of St. Petersburg; Carl Heath, secretary of the National Peace Society, London, and Raphael G. Levy.

THE NAVAL SCANDAL IN JAPAN.

TOKIO, March 16.

For the last two months the people of Japan have been occupied with the navy "graft" scandal, which is still under investigation, and daily appears to promise more extensive proportions. Excitement is intense, and popular indignation general. Frequent mass-meetings of protest are held in various centres, led by the vernacular press and the opponents of the Government.

The main charges are that certain officers of the Imperial navy have been accustomed to receive "commissions" on orders placed with British and German firms. Though the whole matter is still *sub judice*, the public appears to take for granted that the charges are well founded, and certain officers of the navy, including a retired commander and a paymaster, have come forward to assert the truth of the allegations. The navy authorities aver that these assertions are the result of personal grudge, and without foundation.

Meanwhile a navy commission was appointed to inquire into the charges arising out of the trial of Carl Richter in Berlin, wherein certain documents stolen from the German firm of Siemens & Schuckert by Richter purported to show that certain officers of the Japanese navy were in receipt of "commissions" on orders placed with the said firm, as well as on orders placed with British shipbuilders. Telegraphic dispatches of the Berlin trial let the cat out of the bag, and then the Imperial Diet took up the matter, insisting on the appointment of the navy commission. But the commission had hardly been appointed when it turned out that the correspondent of Reuter's Telegram Company in Tokio had obtained copies of the documents in possession of Carl Richter, and was try-

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ing to obtain money for them from those in Tokio who feared their contents.

Reuter's agent, Andrew M. Pooley, who was arrested, is still in prison, but Mr. Herrmann, agent of the Siemens firm in Kobé, who also was arrested, has been released on bail, at the instigation, it is alleged, of the German Ambassador. The British community is agitating for the release of Mr. Pooley on bail, but the authorities have so far refused the request, on the ground that his examination is not yet completed. Meanwhile investigation continues, and daily proves more interesting. Several officers of the Imperial navy, including Admiral Matsuo, have been arrested, their houses have been searched by the police, and important discoveries are alleged to have resulted.

The manager and other leading officials of the Mitsui Bussan Kaisha, one of the oldest and largest import firms in Japan, also have been arrested, as well as a number of minor officials connected in various ways with the Japanese and foreign firms named. The British firm of Vickers has been dragged into the affair, because, it is said, the Mitsui Company did its foreign business for the navy chiefly through this firm.

During the last few years the following ships for Japan were built by the Vickers Company: The Mikasa, 1898, price 12,615,042 yen; the Kashimi, 1904, price 15,092,179 yen; the Kongo, 1910, price 27,280,116 yen. The Japanese press declares it an open secret that on these ships commissions of 5 per cent. were paid. It is averred, for instance, that the actual price of the Kongo was only 25,000,000 yen, the balance being paid as commissions which have mysteriously disappeared. It is no wonder that the populace is greatly agitated over what is thought to be extravagant handling of money by a poor country, while the people are burdened with taxes.

There is consequently an almost universal outcry for the resignation of the Cabinet. Two attempts have been made to impeach the Government, but without success, owing to the action of the majority party, the Seyukai. For the honor of the nation, so the Peers say, they have been trying to take a hand in the affair; and in order to show their disapproval of the Government the House of Peers has cut off the sum of 70,000,000 yen from the navy budget. The lower house has not agreed to this curtailment, and there is at present a deadlock between the two chambers, for the adjustment of which a joint conference of committees of the two houses has been arranged. It is a question with many whether the Cabinet will be able to pull through the present session of the Diet.

The more patient of the population are awaiting the outcome of the naval court-martial with apprehensive interest, while the general populace continues to hold daily mass meetings to pass resolutions in condemnation of the Government. The investigation by the judicial authorities is so thorough and extensive that by the time it is finished Japan should be cleaned of corruption for all time.

J. E. B.

John Lothrop Motley.

CENTENARY OF THE HISTORIAN.

By JOHN T. MORSE, Jr.,
Editor of the American Statesmen Series.

It is not to be supposed that Nature pays regard to the artificial divisions of time arranged by man; yet with the approach of the year 1800 she seemed to take notice of the new century and to start then upon a fresh course wherein great writers and good books were to come by their own in this country, and to hold it for a period somewhat exceeding a generation. In 1783 Washington Irving was born, and in 1809 "Knickerbocker's History of New York" "established his literary position"; in 1789 Cooper, the novelist, followed; William H. Prescott was born in 1796; George Bancroft, in 1800; Emerson, in 1803; Hawthorne, in 1804; Longfellow, in 1807; Holmes and Poe, in 1809; Motley, in 1814; Thoreau, in 1817; Lowell, in 1819; and Francis Parkman, in 1823. The last to die of this famous list was Holmes, in 1894.

I.

Dr. Holmes, separated from Motley in boyhood by the yawning chasm of five years of seniority, became in later life, when that great chasm appeared only an unnoticeable seam, his intimate friend, and ultimately wrote his biography. That Memoir is probably little read now—more's the pity; for it is good work, and among other merits it perpetuates the impression made by Motley upon his contemporaries. The Doctor, with the experience of sixty-nine years passed in intercourse with mankind, was so fascinated by his subject that he seems to have dipped his pen in warm, bright sunshine for these pages, which have the atmosphere of eulogy rather than of biography. His sketch of Motley's early years takes us into dreamland. Born April 15, 1814, of a father and mother who were "the handsomest pair the town of Boston should show," Motley carried through life a wonderful beauty. Lady Byron thought him more like her husband in feature than any one else she had ever met; and Wendell Phillips regarded him as "handsomer than any portrait of Byron represents the poet." Fortunately, he had not Byron's foolish vanity and he had a gentleman's conscience. He was an omnivorous reader of poetry, romance, and drama; somewhat reserved, and chary of friendships; ardent, impulsive, imaginative; later playing the cynic, a little after the fashion of young men of his type.

He must have been clever, for he entered Harvard College soon after his thirteenth birthday, and during a part of his stay he stood very near the head of his class. At graduation, in 1831, being just outside the sacred band entitled to enter the Phi Beta Kappa, he was admitted thereto by a special vote. Then he passed two years in study in Göttingen and Berlin, forming a close friendship with Bismarck, which endured through later life. Returning home, he studied law for a while, but never undertook practice. The training, however, was useful, for his mental temperament was of the kind which usually has to be forced in order to acquire powers of sound research and accurate statements. A year in the Massachusetts Legislature extended his experience without stirring ambition for a political career. In March, 1837, came his marriage to Mary Benjamin, of Boston—a most happy alliance.

II.

Motley wasted little time in futile gropings, being led by a strong instinct to literature. Having fed full upon the old English chronicles and on romantic novels and poetry, he turned to like work. In 1839, he published "Morton's Hope." It was the crude work of a boy, and failed utterly. Not disheartened, he tried again with "Merrymount: A Romance of the Massachusetts Colony." This was better, but not good enough. In fact, he wrote only as one who, having read many books, would fain be a writer himself; not as one who had observed men and customs and had something to say.

Novelists then ranged chiefly in historical fields, and from romance to history was a short stride which Motley was already measuring even before "Merrymount" had failed. Some articles by him, appearing in the *North American Review*, attracted notice, and, like his hero in "Morton's Hope," he set himself "violently to the study of history." At that time history was not so much written as it is now, and he easily found an unworn period. He would have it that the topic found him rather than he the topic. Either way it was the magnetism of reciprocal sympathy; his genius and his subject accorded perfectly.

For years he read and wrote in Boston till volumes lay finished upon his table. In time, however, he came to appreciate that European history must be studied in Europe, and the family shortly set forth for the Netherlands. Here the important question of his persistency in wearisome labor was quickly put to the proof. Months passed into years and still he delved in the solitude of the store-closets of the State Archives, deciphering antique chirography, learning foreign languages, rummaging among dusty papers often to find nothing, unravelling complexities, sorting truth from false assertion—all with infinite patience. Inevitably he came thus to recognize the worthlessness of his long

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labors at Boston. "There is nothing for it," he wrote, "but to Penelopize, pull to pieces, and stitch away again." So he actually destroyed all that supposedly finished manuscript and began afresh.

At last, after ten years of labor, the manuscript of the "Rise of the Dutch Republic" was in shape for the publisher. But who would publish three solid octavo volumes by an untried writer? Murray, prince of English publishers, would not. Chapman agreed to, but only at Mr. Motley's expense. The publication was made in 1856; and writer and publisher were not long held in suspense, for appreciation was prompt and cordial. The bulky work did not alarm the reader of those days, when leisure had not yet been so strangely filched from the world by devices for saving time. Moreover, it was with us a generation almost unreasonably addicted to reading: a transitory condition, soon to be displaced by war, and later by money-getting. Furthermore, thanks principally to Macaulay and Prescott, the discovery was spreading that history is not a field of dry stubble tedious to traverse, but rather a garden alluring to linger in. American writers, with limited opportunity as yet at home, busied themselves with the history of other countries than their own; and certain periods, complete within their own boundaries, have been definitively treated by Americans in books written with such thorough scholarship that they may well stand as permanently in their several domains as has Gibbon's "Decline and Fall."

III.

Motley's friends in Boston noted with interest his development. The exuberance of fancy and of language which had spoiled his romances had now been tempered by serious purpose, and by the sobering effect of years passed amid dusty manuscripts. Yet an ardent temperament and a dramatic genius had been only trained, not eliminated, and the vividness of his pages fired the enthusiasm of his readers. Critics might suggest that he was too splendid to be accurate and might controvert some of his views. This was quite natural; was not Macaulay meeting the like treatment? But the reading world refused to release itself from the fascinations of either Macaulay or Motley. His well-chosen method was to narrate events, with vivid portraiture of the actors, as Thucydides, Tacitus, Prescott, Macaulay had been content to do. The "philosophy of history," if there really be such a science, had happily not yet been discovered to injure its charm; and intelligent readers were assumed to be competent to do their own thinking. The only blemish in his writing involved, in a way, a compliment. He was prone to insert long extracts from the state papers which were his authorities. For scholars these excerpts from original documents were reassuring and had value; but readers in general inclined to resent a habit, which certainly grew to excess in his "Barneveld." They would have demanded that he should assimilate this material and convey it to them in his own glowing and racy style, which they so much admired.

Of course, the triumph of the "Rise of the Dutch Republic" insured the continuance of the great task which Mr. Motley, fearless of labor, had blocked out. Without pause he next engaged himself with the "History of the Netherlands," of which the first two volumes appeared in 1860, and the succeeding two in 1868. These fulfilled expectation and corroborated his fame. Some persons, measuring him against himself, would have it that there was less of movement and of fire in them, and found them somewhat clogged with detail; but it was a criticism rather of his material than of his treatment. He was dealing with less picturesque events.

The pleasure of reading Mr. Motley's books was not confined to readers of English. They were at once translated into Dutch, edited and annotated by the Archivist-General, himself "a distinguished scholar"; there was also the vexatious compliment of "piratical reprints." The French translation was under the auspices of M. Guizot; and there was a German translation, and even a Russian. A fame thus spread through European countries brought to him the honors of their universities and institutes of learning, so that the list of his more important distinctions fills nineteen lines in the Catalogue of the Harvard Alumni.

IV.

At home also Motley's distinction received unexpected and quasi-official recognition. He was chosen for the Austrian mission. The story goes that President Lincoln, chancing to meet him, was fascinated by his appearance, manners, and talk. If this be so, the choice showed Lincoln's shrewdness in estimating men. It has been said that a good historian is half a statesman; it would be malicious to suggest that the statement is mathematically accurate. Mr. Motley was more than half a diplomat, yet was not wholly one. Indeed, some of his most engaging qualities rather tended to unfit him for successful diplomacy. He was high-spirited and sensitive, ardent in his convictions, frank and outspoken, impulsive often to the point of imprudence, with the unpractical conscience of a gentleman, little submissive to the law of expediency or the exigencies of astute policy. But there were also quite other qualities for Mr. Lincoln to consider. There was about this very handsome gentleman a fine air of personal distinction and of good breeding; the aloofness of his youth had become a courteous dignity in middle age; he was a cultivated scholar and his countrymen could show no one of whom they had more reason to be proud. Mr. Lincoln was therefore wise in sending him to the Viennese Court, where the custom of ancestor-worship still flourishes, and where the relations with the United States were neither strained nor complex.

About six years he passed very agreeably in the Austrian capital, where he was not only the recipient of official courtesies, but was also accepted socially with cordial hospitality by a large circle of good friends. He was only once called upon to act in a matter of some delicacy, and then he acquitted himself with perfect success. During the Civil War he was restless at his remote post, because he could not personally contribute to the Northern cause. For all his long residences abroad, amid interesting pursuits and in congenial society, never in the slightest degree de-Americanized him; and in the years of stress and peril he even had to lay aside his literary work. Why write of a past struggle in a foreign land when his own was in mortal throes?

The Viennese mission had a sharp ending. The McCrackin letter, famous and infamous, did it. This missive, vindictive and vulgar, signed by a name never to be traced, came laden with ignoble gossip against Mr. Motley, from Paris to our State Department. It should have been burned, or at best hidden in a private pigeon-hole. But Mr. Seward chose rather to gather from it sundry offensive quotations and to send them to Mr. Motley for explanation. According to common belief, President Johnson gave the order, and Seward, unfortunately without demur, obeyed his chief. In earlier life he might have been less submissive, but a long career in politics had been demoralizing. Talk at the time, probably correct enough, was to the effect that Mr. Motley had expressed with imprudent frankness his disapproval of Johnson's policies, and that Johnson, revengeful and careless of courtesies, had delivered his blow as opportunity offered. Mr. Motley took neither time nor reflection for resenting it; within an hour after he had read the letter he wrote his reply resigning his post. It was precipitate action, certainly; but high-spirited and fine.

V.

A brief time only had elapsed after this unpleasant event, when Gen. Grant's election to the Presidency virtually assured to Mr. Motley such vindication, agreeable though not really needed, as lay in another foreign appointment. His friends naturally assumed that he would like, and would receive again, the Austrian mission. "And now you will go back to Vienna," said Sumner to him, in

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after-dinner chat at Motley's house one evening. "No," replied Mr. Motley, "I want to go to London; and I want you to see to it for me." Sumner, surprised and perhaps not wholly approving, nevertheless did see to it for him; and in the spring of 1868 the nomination was made and unanimously confirmed. The auspices seemed good, for he was sure of a cordial welcome to the most agreeable circles in London; his fame was not less in England than in his own country; his eldest daughter was married there to Sir William Vernon-Harcourt, the eminent statesman and Cabinet Minister; finally, there was a recess in the irritating controversy of the Alabama claims, the understanding being that when the discussion was renewed it should be in Washington.

Yet his acceptance was given with an inexplicable foreboding. Early in his mission a slight rebuke came from the State Department, bearing chiefly upon phraseology used by him in an interview with Lord Clarendon. The undiplomatic mind finds the criticism captious and futile, and the trifling incident seemed to drop promptly into oblivion. Later months passed serenely with no symptom of brooding trouble, yet suddenly, on June 1, 1870, a letter from Secretary Fish requested Mr. Motley's resignation. Mr. Motley, astounded and indignant, would not resign, and in November he was recalled. Great excitement ensued and hot words were exchanged by angry partisans. The State Department harked back to the Clarendon incident; but that was absurd. The only explanation then or since accepted was that Mr. Motley was suffering vicarious chastisement. Senator Sumner, untactful by temperament and arrogant in his position as chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, had almost reversed the proper relationship between himself and the State Department. By his speech advancing the theory of "indirect claims" in the Alabama matter, he had forced that difficult question into at least a temporary *impasse*. Yet the Government, even while stayed in its efforts to arrange the disturbing quarrel, bore with extraordinary patience his assumptions of authority, actually consulting his wishes in drafting instructions to Mr. Motley. It was not, however, in human nature that President Grant and Secretary Fish should accept such a situation with cordial and genuine good will. Accordingly, when Sumner's influence defeated Grant's pet project for acquiring San Domingo, the explosion came. Now, if Mr. Motley had been more shrewd and selfish in matters political he would long since have foreseen the hostility inevitably to be developed, and, with the fair excuse of duty, he would have made himself safe by comporting himself as the obedient subordinate of the State Department. But, unfortunately, his loyal impulses betrayed him to his undoing. He owed gratitude to the good friend in whom he heartily believed, and in his usual open fashion he allowed it to be plainly seen that he felt himself to be "Sumner's man" more than Secretary Fish's servant. When, therefore, the President and Secretary, especially the former, hotly incensed against Sumner, found him personally inaccessible to punishment by them, and knew that he would welcome rather than regret a conflict, they turned to the only obvious recourse for revenge. It was a mean and brutal recourse, certainly, to strike the friend when the principal could not be reached; and Grant was neither mean nor brutal; but just now he was in such a blind rage that he only "saw red," as the phrase goes, and delivered the blow promptly where he could. The letter of recall was dated on the day after a tie vote in the Senate had caused the San Domingo treaty to fail of ratification. The episode was worse for Mr. Motley than that of Vienna, since to be punished by Grant was very different from being victimized by Johnson.

Moreover, the repetition seemed to indicate an inherent unfitness on Motley's part, whereas no such unfitness had developed, and the two occurrences really constituted only a coincidence. Mr. Motley, however, took his recall in a way to show that he was in one respect ill-adapted to public life, for he could not bring himself to regard it as a mere incident, as a politician might have done; for him it was an affront which no gentleman ought to forgive or could forget, and it remained an aching wound to the day of his death.

VI.

Despite his mental suffering from this incident, Mr. Motley returned resolutely to his literary work, and gained relief in familiar toil on "The Life and Death of John of Barneveld." These two volumes, published in 1874, were, by the necessity of their subject, less generally popular than their predecessors had been. He had to deal with the bitter disputes of an era which recalled and exaggerated the theological savagery of New England herself. The ashes of those flames were still fiery hot, and Dutch scholars on the side opposed to that espoused by him published severe criticisms. But this was as it should have been; had his views not stirred just such antagonism he must have concluded that they were regarded as of no account. Moreover, he was defended as vigorously as he was attacked. Dr. Holmes interestingly suggests the presence in these volumes of a personal element which might not have been discovered by any one else. He says: "In this, his last work, it is impossible not to read much of his own external and internal personal history, though under other names and with different accessories." "Barneveld" was the third great section of his original scheme; a fourth section should have been added. This, however, was not to be, for his life's work was done; he was a worn-out man. Gen. Grant and Mr. Fish had dealt him a staggering blow; a worse and final one came when, on December 31, 1874, his wife died. Always a congenial couple, they had been especially thrown upon each other by their long years in foreign lands and among persons who, however friendly, were really strangers. A few months after her death Mr. Motley's own health began to fail; efforts to regain his vigor were futile, and on May 29, 1877, he died, near Dorchester, in Dorsetshire, and was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, Dean Stanley performing the service.

A TRIBUTE FROM HOLLAND.

LEYDEN, Holland, April 4.

The centenary of Motley's birth furnishes a fitting occasion for paying special tribute to this brilliant writer who did so much to spread the knowledge of Dutch history. His name is ranked in our country with the greatest of those who have treated the earlier periods of the nation's life, and especially its more splendid chapters. His large views, his brilliant style, his intense feeling for the most prominent features of our national character, for our great men, our heroes in the struggle with Spain; his sincere love of truth, his passion for religious and political freedom, give him a place among the first historians of his time.

Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic," "History of the United Netherlands," "John of Barneveld"—in the original language, as well as in the Dutch translation, made with the supervision of our great historian Bakhuizen van den Brink and enriched by his annotations—still find a large number of admiring readers in the Netherlands. They turn particularly to his glowing pages on the retirement of Charles V, on the sieges of Alkmaar, Haarlem, Leyden, and Antwerp, on the fate of the Armada, on the most dramatic scenes. They linger over his striking characterizations of Philip II, William of Orange, Leicester, Alva; of Don John of Austria and Maurice, the great general; and warmly respond to his brilliant descriptions of sites and occasions on land and sea.

Since Motley's day numerous new documents relating to the Eighty Years' War have naturally been added to the store of information which he himself collected in the libraries and archives of London, Paris, The Hague, and Brussels, as well as a long series of mono-

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graphs. Many of his assertions have had, of course, to be corrected, nor was he always accurate in his larger views of men and things. Thus it has been shown that his modern ideas on political and religious freedom influenced unduly his reconstruction of the times. But no one has doubted his motives as historian nor his constant endeavor to state the truth—nothing short of it—as he saw it.

So on the centenary of his birth a Dutch historian desires, in the name of the Netherlands, to do homage to one who so greatly helped to make a brilliant period of their history better known to the world—to the world-wide lovers of that religious and political freedom which inspired him to his noble task.

P. J. Blok.

Professor of National History in the University of Leyden.

Books and Men

HIGGINSON AND NEWBURYPORT.

The life of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, by Mary Thacher Higginson, published a week or two ago, contains a chapter called In and Out of the Pulpit. The pulpit, the first ever occupied by Col. Higginson, was that of the First Religious Society of Newburyport. Architecturally it is beautiful and imposing, but at that date—1847—it proved too small for the enthusiastic young reformer. He was only about twenty-three, and he "preached himself out" of that pulpit in two years. He ventured to give his pro-slavery parishioners an abolition sermon once a fortnight, and they decided to accept his resignation.

The incident was most curious and interesting. The young minister was called to one of the most conservative towns in New England. Salem and Boston have the reputation of being a little staid, but it is probable that they might be regarded as hotbeds of radicalism beside their less celebrated neighboring city, Newburyport. Mr. Higginson was not unprepared what to expect. Another minister, he writes, in "Cheerful Yesterdays"—"Henry C. Wright, afterward a prominent Abolitionist—had lost his parish, a few miles above Newburyport, for the alleged indecorum of swimming across the Merrimack River." The wife of another minister, ten or more years after Mr. Higginson's departure, got herself into disfavor because she wore a *hat* on the Sabbath. This crime will seem a little mysterious to the present generation until it is understood that women of godly conversation, at that period, wore *bonnets* on Sunday.

These things, however, were trifles compared with Mr. Higginson's devotion to the abolition of slavery. "The parish," he writes, "which at first welcomed me, counted among its strongest supporters a group of retired sea captains who had traded with Charleston and New Orleans, and more than one of whom had found himself obliged, after sailing from a Southern port, to put back in order to eject some runaway slave from his lower hold. . . . One of them, perhaps the quietest, was the very Francis Todd who had caused the imprisonment of Garrison at Baltimore. It happened, besides, that the one political hero and favorite son of Newburyport, Caleb Cushing—for of Garrison himself they only felt ashamed—was at that moment fighting slavery's battles in the Mexican War."

Things were misunderstood at that time—by some, perhaps, wilfully; by others, through a blind trust in the lead of the "best" people. It was a guide to respectability, hardly to righteousness. Caleb Cushing is still admired in Newburyport for his intellectual power; his other qualities are usually discreetly ignored. But the despised printer and abolitionist is now known as her greatest son.

There were many lighter and pleasanter aspects to Mr. Higginson's sojourn in Newburyport. No one, and he least of all, could remain insensitive to the charm of one of the most delightful of New England seaports. A native does not like to use even the qualifying phrase. Mr. Higginson's successor of to-day in the parish, Laurence Hayward, writes that Higginson took the children to the country and seashore, teaching them where and when they might expect each flower and bird. "He organized picnics, among them several to Plum Island, and I have seen a copy of a beautiful Evening Hymn of Aubrey De Vere's, made by him for a lady of the parish, which he sung to them at sunset on one such occasion."

After he had severed his connection with the parish, Higginson stayed in Newburyport for two years. He even spoke of staying forever. In the last year of their residence, Mr. and Mrs. Higginson moved a mile or two out of the city, to a beautiful place called Curson's Mill, near the mouth of a little river, the Artichoke. The Avon is not half so lovely a stream. The new biography, by Mrs. Higginson, quotes from a letter of his: "The soft west wind blows into my window, rich with lingering apple blossoms and half-blown clover . . . thrushes' and bobolinks' and robins' notes . . . In these lovely spring days with the blue Merrimack waves dancing before me, the world seems very young, and all evil short-lived."

He interested himself in many things in the city. Even after his resignation he continued to teach in night schools which he had organized; he served on the school committee. A group of young women helped in this work—the most brilliant group, he declared, he had met anywhere. One of them was Harriet Prescott, now Mrs. Spofford.

The old town was rich in eccentric characters, as such towns always are. In another of Col. Higginson's books ("Contemporaries"), he speaks of a certain "Doctor Hackett," who at the time of the author's pastorate acted as a sort of unofficial tithing-man in the church of the First Religious Society, keeping a number of boys in order. This old gentleman, as the minister found when going to make a pastoral call, lived in a place "as weird in the approach as that of some enchanter in Spenser's poetry." He dwelt alone on a wide tract, then and now known as "Grasshopper Plains." His house was a small shanty, bought from some railway men—its small size caused the owner a little distress from the fact that he could not insure it against fire, as the smallest risk accepted by the companies was ten dollars in value. It stood in the midst of a little grove of birches, through which small paths led to the door:

"On all these paths he had made piles of small wayside treasures that had attracted his eye—horseshoes, padlocks, keys, hoops, bits of iron rod too small for junk, yet carefully classed and piled. Within the house the collection grew only more concentrated; pins, nails, rusty knives, bits of ribbon, bits of string were hung to the rafters, or arranged on the floor, leaving scarcely room for his microscopic housekeeping.

"As unmoved by his possessions as if it were a palace, he ushered you in, kept on talking, flung out flowery and long-winded words, and seemed a Bourbon concealed in a junk-shop. On your exit, he escorted you through his small dominions, first pausing to screw upon his door a large iron plate covering solidly the keyhole, since it seemed that vagrant boys found a wicked delight in filling the latter with gravel and small stones in the owner's absence.

"'Such conduct,' he said in his Micawber-like way, 'I should call, sir—with no disrespect to the colored population—niggardly.'

"While I wrestled in bewilderment with this unexpected use of language, as if John the Baptist had unguardedly slipped into a pun, he came back to the proposition—'I intend, sir, no disrespect whatever to the colored population.'

"'Certainly not, Dr. Hackett,' I replied, 'I should not suspect you of such a thing.'"

Edmund Lester Pearson.

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Poetry

THE BLOOM-COLORED COAT.

"Well, let me tell you," said Goldsmith, "when the tailor brought home my bloom colored coat, he said, 'Sir, I have a favor to beg of you; when anybody asks who made your clothes, be pleased to mention John Filby at the Harrow, in Water Lane.'" "Why, sir," cried Johnson, "that was because he knew the strange color would attract crowds to gaze at it, and thus they might hear of him, and see how well he could make a coat of so absurd a color."

—Boswell's Johnson.

And there it is in Kensington,
Hung primly in its case of glass;
A faded coat, so dusty, dun,
So patched and mended, that, alas!

The "bloom" is gone—but can't you see
(When Filby at the Harrow sent
That coat, bloom-colored, just to be
One glorious moment's monument)

Can't you, I say, see Goldsmith there—
So frankly vain, so quaintly shy—
Advancing, peacock-wise, to where
Th' immortal company may ply

The little man with friendly jest,
Till Johnson thunders, ending it;
And Boswell, with untiring zest,
Records his master's heavy wit?

God's blessing on thee, Noll, thy fame
Needs no such dim sartorial shine;
But thou would'st smile to hear the name
Which jesting Fate embalms with thine;—

Would'st smile, and welcome Filby's shade
To share thy glory through the years;
And hover with thee, unafraid,
Mingling the laurel and the shears.

EDMUND KEMPER BROADUS.

News for Bibliophiles

SERGEANT ORDWAY'S NOTE-BOOK.

Dr. James K. Hosmer, in an admirable introduction to a reprint of Patrick Gass's "Journal of the Lewis and Clark Expedition" (Chicago, 1904), says, in speaking of the long-lost note-book of John Ordway: "His journal, which he contentedly sold for $10 to his commanders, could it be recovered, would bring to-day literally its weight in gold."

And now, ten years after writing these words, Dr. Hosmer may rejoice with many other scholars and students throughout the country over the recovery of this precious manuscript, kept for many months, if we may trust a family tradition, under the shirt of Sergeant Ordway, next his skin. For it was recently placed on deposit (having been discovered in the Biddle papers) with the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia by its present owner, who, so far as the public is concerned, must for the present remain nameless. The journal, however, is to be made accessible to historical investigators.

Ordway's note-book, which is of considerable length and written on pages measuring 7¾ by 6¼ inches, is known to have been used by Nicholas Biddle in preparing his digest of the journals of Lewis and Clark for publication in 1814 (a notable piece of work when one considers the time and circumstances of its production), but it was later lost sight of, and eluded even that experienced searcher for source materials, the late Dr. Reuben Gold Thwaites, for many years secretary of the Wisconsin Historical Society, when he was editing a truly monumental edition of the original journals of this transcontinental expedition in eight volumes. (New York, 1904.)

The note-book now reposing safely in the archives of the American Philosophical Society appears to be complete, and covers a period commencing May 14, 1804, and ending September 30, 1805. Whether the journal contains matter of importance not made use of by Biddle remains to be seen. In any event, it is perhaps safe to assume that it deserves publication and wide circulation as an intelligent record of a momentous undertaking by one of the subordinate officers. And when the time comes for editing the journal, it is to be hoped that the task will not fall to the lot of one who thinks it necessary to polish the English of Sergeant John Ordway, thus lessening the charm and value of an original document of unusual interest. Patrick Gass's journal unfortunately fell into the hands of a schoolmaster, with the result that, while we no doubt have the facts straight enough, we lost Patrick himself by the process; and as Gass was a rather racy individual, what would we not now give to have his shrewd comments in his own words!

Besides the voluminous journals of the commanders of the expedition, possibly seven other members recorded the happenings of that remarkable journey. Until the recent recovery of the Ordway journal only three were known to have been preserved—those of Gass (in printed form only), Floyd, and Whitehouse. The note-books of Pryor and Frazier are still missing, and it is not certain that Willard kept a diary, although some of his descendants credit a tradition to that effect.

The discovery, after well-nigh a century, of John Ordway's note-book is an event calculated to warm the hearts of all who are interested in Western history, and it is much to be desired that the owner of the manuscript will speedily give the American Philosophical Society, or some competent scholar outside of that learned body, permission to edit and publish this worthy complement to what may still be regarded as Dr. Thwaites's definitive edition of the "Journals" of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. Sergeant Ordway's contribution, perhaps laboriously produced, should not be denied a place with the classic narratives of his superiors and companions of the rank and file.

JOHN THOMAS LEE.

Correspondence

IF HUERTA HAD WON AT TORREON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an editorial on "The Man with the Note-Book" in a recent issue, you state that the reporter recognizes that a beating is all in the day's work. Some such treatment is sorely needed for those who write on the Mexican situation. It is said that a crisis in Mexican affairs is reported in the papers whenever there is a lack of news. The other day, the American Club here in Mexico City was surrounded by soldiers, according to the account in one New York paper. One company of soldiers happened to exchange salutes with another in front of the Club, hence the beginning of the story. Countless times, according to similar sources of information, Mexico has been cut off from Vera Cruz and was presently to be surrounded by the enemy. Much has also been made of the anti-American feeling. Of this we have seen no sign whatsoever, nor have we been able to find the "circulars against Americans" which are distributed over the city.

We left for Mexico in November of last year against the advice of the Washington authorities and of almost every one who thought they knew the true state of affairs. We arrived in Vera Cruz and were strongly advised to turn back by Mr. John Lind. We kept on to Mexico City, however, and have been leading a peaceful existence here ever since. We had an impression before arriving that we were doing something courageous, but, conditions being as they are, we fear we cannot assume the rôle of heroes.

We were here when Mexico was under the strong arm of Diaz, again under the vacillating, theosophical Madero, and now under Victoriano Huerta. There is no visible difference in the day life of the city now from that which existed under the two other régimes.

Our work has been archæological. We have been excavating in sites ten miles and more outside the city for over three months. There has been no interruption to our work nor any untoward circumstance. To all appearances Mexico City is entirely normal. The parks are kept up in all their usual beauty, the band concerts are as frequent, and the bull fights as crowded as in former times. It cannot be denied that business men are having a very hard time on account of financial conditions; the Government is spending so much money on the army that it is naturally hard pressed.

Huerta is making a good fight and there are few Americans here who do not wish to see him win. Any American in Mexico whose money is at stake is in the eyes of our Government a capitalist, and his opinion, therefore, is worthless. Our Government, it seems to me, has not taken the trouble to investigate properly the relative state of affairs in Mexico as between the rebels of the North and the Government as organized by Huerta. President Wilson has from the start underestimated Huerta's strength,

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ability, and tenacity, and his power to obtain money for the support of his policies.

The Mexican difficulties are in great part due to questions of topography. The country is divided into distinct and often isolated areas. Yucatan is a country quite by itself, with its own ideas and its own industries. There is no way of getting to the peninsula except by sea. Tabasco and Chiapas, again, are marked off from Central Mexico by impassable forests. Here, too, is a people with its own methods of thought and its own industries. Even Oaxaca is in many ways quite apart from Central Mexico. Northern Mexico is divided into distinct areas by large tracts of desert. There is little unity among these different sections. A common feeling would be born only in case of an invasion by a foreign force. Intervention would mean that a separate army would have to be sent into each of these districts with little or no opportunity for coöperation. The battle of Torreon is now (April 1) being fought. If the forces of Huerta win, it is time for Mr. Wilson to realize that his advisers have made a mistake and that recognition is better late than never.

ALFRED M. TOZZER.

Mexico City, April 1.

BALLADRY IN AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On this continent there are survivals and adaptations of Old World ballads to a marked degree, but still more significant is the persistence of the ancient custom of ballad-making. This is a result of the vastness of the country and the conditions which induce men to lead isolated lives in small groups. In his book of "Cowboy Ballads," Professor Lomax has included "The Death of Jack Munroe," which is not a cowboy song at all, but a lumberjack poem. Lumberjack poetry has not yet been collected, so that an expedition into the woods of Michigan or British Columbia during the logging season would yield a rich harvest. Railway life also has many songs and ballads connected with it, and there is a vast amount of hobo poetry, which sometimes creeps into railway magazines, but almost never into the general press. "The Dying Hobo" is as much a classic among tramps, and has as many variants, as "Jack Munroe," the favorite of the "shanty-boys."

Many of the narrative poems pattern after the old Irish come-all-ye's, in having a few words of preface; for example, among lumbermen, one song begins:

Come all ye shanty-boys and listen while I relate
About a brave shanty-boy and his untimely fate,

and "Casey Jones," a railway song, which has found its way upon the stage, and into the phonograph record, begins:

Come all ye rounders if you want to hear
A story about a brave engineer.

Owing to the persistence of conditions which cause original verse to arise and to be transmitted orally, America will probably have its ballad-literature longer than Europe.

JOSEPH F. GOULD.

Norwood, Mass., April 10.

PROBLEMS OF IMMIGRATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I be permitted to give expression to my surprise on reading, in your editorial on "The Irish in Our Public Life," in the *Nation* for March 26, the following sentences: "For example he (Professor Ross) has previously given expression to the serious disquietude which many Americans feel to-day in connection with the new-comers from South European countries. But their grandfathers were just as acutely concerned over the Irish emigrants. These were, sixty and seventy years ago, as much disliked and even dreaded as are, by some, Slav and Italian to-day. . . . It may be asked, however, if the large immigration of to-day will not, half a century hence, look as harmless and even desirable as does now the Irish immigration of 1845-55."

The argument that it is wrong to object to the "new immigration" because our forefathers objected just as strongly to the "old immigration," which we now regard as innocuous or even desirable, has four distinct weaknesses, any one of which is sufficient to condemn it. The first is a question of fact. Often as we hear this statement repeated, it is not at all certain that our grandfathers disliked and dreaded the Irish as much as we fear the Slavs and Italians. I have had occasion to examine with great care the evidence on this point furnished by the contemporary writings and discussions, and I have failed to find any widespread sentiment against the Irish comparable to the restrictionist agitation of to-day.

In the second place, such objections to immigration as there were rested on wholly different grounds from those of the present. The antipathy felt in the middle of the nineteenth century was not against the Irish as such, nor was it against a degrading competition in the economic field. It was against paupers, criminals, diseased persons, and Roman Catholics. To treat the opposition to immigration of the twentieth century as if it were analogous to that of this earlier period misses the point completely. An excellent illustration is furnished by the fact that whereas we fear that our present immigrants will not avail themselves of the blessings of American citizenship and will fail to become naturalized, our grandfathers feared that they would become naturalized too easily, and wanted to extend the period of residence required for citizenship to twenty or twenty-five years, or to refuse naturalization altogether.

In the third place, this argument always assumes that none of the evils which our forebears dreaded in connection with the Irish immigration has, in fact, materialized. This assumption is open to serious question. It is, of course, a difficult and hazardous undertaking to assign any of our present-day problems to any specific foreign race. But there is evidence that the Irish are responsible for more than their share of some of our troubles. On the same day in which I read your editorial, my attention was attracted by an editorial in the New York *Times*, which spoke thus of the Irish attitude towards the repeal of the Tolls Exemption law: "The opposition of the Irish-American organizations is characteristically open and vociferous. The motive is far from creditable. . . . [They] have been prompted thereto by their hatred of England. They act on an American question from considerations wholly un-American, which is pretty bad citizenship." The fact that one of our great dailies can speak thus of the Irish after two-thirds of a century of Americanization is at least disquieting. If we turn to more concrete matters, we find that the number of Irish paupers in this country is out of all proportion to their percentage of the total population—46.4 per cent. of the total number of foreign-born paupers in the almshouses in 1903, over one-third (including native-born of Irish fathers) of the total number of charity cases of all nationalities in Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, etc. Among criminals, also, the Irish stand at the head of the foreign-born as regards the total number of offences. Furthermore, it is most significant that in the one aspect of life in which, as your editorial points out, the Irish have displayed the most marked ability, viz., public affairs, the record which they have made—as you also point out—has not been such as wholly to discredit the sagacity of our forefathers when they were uneasy as to the effect of the Irish on American politics.

The fact is that we have become accustomed to those evils of American life which are traceable to the early immigration, and take them for granted. We even go so far as to use them as a means of forestalling unfavorable comparisons between Southeastern Europeans and Americans. An excellent illustration of this is afforded by Dr. Peter Roberts in his book, "The New Immigration," when, in an effort to extenuate the drunkenness and lawlessness of the new-comers, or at least to divide the responsibility, he points out that "with very rare exceptions the men on the bench, in the brewery business, and in politics," who help to create these conditions, "are native-born." He does not stop to consider how many of them are the sons of the Irish and German immigrants of the nineteenth century, whom Dr. Roberts, along with others, regards as so desirable.

Finally, the most significant fact of all is that the one reason why the evil effects of the Irish and German immigration of the forties and fifties are not much more widespread and prominent than they are, is that this very agitation of our forefathers, which we deride, had its effect. To be sure, some of it, particularly that based on religious prejudice, was misguided and unjustifiable according to our lights. But the great agitation against the indiscriminate dumping of foreign paupers and criminals on our shores, and against the horrible shipping conditions which landed swarms of miserable wretches on our docks who had to be hauled away in carts to the hospitals and almshouses, rested on a solid foundation. For decades the wiser spirits of the time fought for laws which would

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protect the communities of this country against an intolerable burden of expense in the support of indigent foreigners. We of to-day are reaping the benefit of this agitation, and it ill becomes us to ridicule it from the vantage point of our security. It is doubtful if a half or even a quarter of the Irish immigrants who made up the great migration of 1845-55 would be allowed even to embark from the shores of Ireland, to say nothing of being admitted to the United States, in the year 1914. If we were confronted with an immigration of the sort that our grandfathers had to deal with we should be much more vociferous in our protests than they were.

The immigration problem of the twentieth century is in many ways a wholly new one. No arguments concerning it are more fallacious than those which compare it, without discrimination, with that of the middle of the nineteenth century, and draw conclusions from parallels. And there is no more complete justification for a sober and well-considered protest against the immigration of the present than that afforded by a contemplation of the debt we owe to the agitators of an earlier period.

HENRY P. FAIRCHILD.

Yale University, April 5.

IN PRAISE OF "CHANGE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: William Butler Yeats has said that the need of the moment was not so much new creative genius as an audience sensitive to talent, trained and ready to recognize creative work. Last January for ten days there was performed right here in New York a play which later generations will be envying us for having seen—when the problems it illumines were alive and real, when the characters it portrays were contemporary. I like to think that New York was not wholly insensitive to its beauty, for its audiences were growing towards the last, but it was unfortunately financed by one "of little faith" and the battle was lost before it was begun. Even the most sensational play at this moment on the boards needed good fighters behind it before it became profitable.

This play "Change," by a Welshman named Francis, has come again largely through the efforts and support of the Drama League.

I wish to pay tribute here to the play first of all as a work of art—a piece of wholly satisfying and impressive dramatic literature; secondly, a document of first-hand observation and conviction; thirdly, a revelation of signal breadth of vision, an unusual combination at once both impassioned and balanced. We usually resign ourselves with what patience we may command to either a work of art which escapes from life into the less exaggerating realism of fantasy or a piece of work—literature, drama, or plastic art—which may be life, but which certainly is not art. But here is a play which demands no compromise—it is Life and it is Art.

Its theme has been used in other plays, the succession of ideas whereby generations make progress, but I know of no other recent play that shows at once the relentless impatience of youth and the essential pathos of old age.

The acting of the Welsh players is sincere and convincing. Every word is uttered with distinction (which includes distinctness), and there is no exploitation of costume or individual. The actors seem to have grasped the fact that the part of the actor is simply to interpret the play. Hence the "team work" is perfection.

ANNIE NATHAN MEYER.

New York, April 4.

THE OPIUM TRAFFIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To free Asia from the vices of opium smoking and opium eating is a serious proposal for a reform that is perfectly feasible. Those European nations ruling in Asia which have established complete monopolies in opium within their frontiers (beginning with England), have only to renounce their profits and close their "Government opium manufactories," and the opium vice would be completely extinguished in the European possessions in Asia. China, with its four hundred millions, has already declared against the vice, and there would remain only the comparatively limited territories of the independent native states, many of which would, no doubt, yield to British influence. It would, of course, be necessary for the European nations indicated to continue their present stringent exclusion of all outside opium from their Asiatic possessions, and thus a regulation, originally intended to protect the profits of their own monopolies, would be turned by them to a great and beneficent purpose. The European empires in Asia would have justified their existence by liberating the Asiatics from a vice which for centuries has paralyzed their energies.

It is hardly necessary to call attention to England's opportunity. If England started the reform, it cannot be doubted that France and Holland would follow. A new conference on the opium question should be summoned.

BERTRAND SHADWELL.

Hongkong, March 11.

IMAGINATION IN COLLEGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If, as the Japanese tell us, imagination is but the indwelling of the past in the present, we may well measure modern education by observing its sense for the past. "Those who forget the past shall in their turn be forgotten," Mr. More has said, and Professor Babbitt applies the rule home when he finds the shallowness of American life chiefly due to our having lost connection with the ages.

The Presidential pronunciamento on imagination, recently printed in the *Nation*, reveals two gods, gods that are almost if not quite the admitted deities of all American education to-day: the god of the practical—Christ called him Mammon—and the god of humanitarianism, so aptly spiritualized in the refrain

Do something for somebody quick.

Thus, the imagination is invoked in the service of smoke-reducers, clay-mixers, gas engines, and the agrarian arts, on the one hand, and in the service of economy, sociology, the abolition of poverty, and "pass prosperity around," on the other. Utilitarian or humanitarian, one or both we are, and the love of man for the love of God is a substitution few despise.

Protests more or less futile arise from several camps. The worshippers of beauty protest in the name of lyrics, music, nature, and the lust for the pretty. Another sect, opposed to the art for art's sake school, protests in the name of research without end, and here range certain historians, philologists, grammarians, economists, bibliomaniacs, researching ever, and without end. The first—who kneel to beauty—should remember Plato, "To desire beauty above virtue, what is that but the utter dishonor of the soul?" and the second—who bow to the enclyclopædic—should learn from the Germans the futility of possession without assimilation.

Where, then, is virtue, and how can we escape the paralysis of the imagination? Chief of studies that aid the imagination are, I presume, philosophy, literature, history, as major studies, with perhaps music, sculpture, painting, architecture, and scientific theories a more or less harmonic minor. These, especially the first three, if wisely used in the service of ideas, furnish severe mental discipline, and incite the imagination to connect the present and the past.

BRUCE WEIRICK.

Ames, Iowa, April 2.

JOHN ALDEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: That personality and scholarship are still the qualities most prized in the public-school teacher is the fact shown by the striking tributes paid to the memory of Mr. John Alden, whose death, in the early forties, was recently reported. For the past fifteen years he had been a teacher of Greek in the Portland High School.

A graduate of Harvard in the class of 1893, a thorough scholar who had studied in Greece and taught at his alma mater, Mr. Alden was by temperament and training entirely competent to fill a university post. To some of his acquaintances, indeed, it seemed strange that he should have chosen school work; yet so abundant was the fruit of his labors at the Portland High School that he did more for sound learning and for the classics, at least in his native State, than any other man has done in the last twenty years. His department was Greek; and in Maine, as elsewhere, Greek has for the past few years been declining in popularity. Yet Mr. Alden had often twenty or twenty-five students in his beginners' class, and trained many boys and girls so proficiently in Greek and Latin that college teachers have wondered at their mastery of those subjects. He sent his boys up to colleges and universities with a genuine love for the classics, and as one parent wrote, "College students fitted

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at the Portland High School have found to their disappointment and grief that sometimes their professors in the classics have not measured up to the stature of John Alden."

Much of Mr. Alden's success was due to his rare personality; much also to his genuine love of learning. That high-school teaching does not necessarily interfere with the career of the scholar, his life abundantly proved. He was fully abreast of modern technical scholarship; he showed that high-school teachers in certain instances can give as much to college and university men as they receive from them. When he visited Bowdoin College, for example, he left with the college teachers whom he met a desire for a deeper knowledge and for a clearer understanding of the writers and topics that he came to discuss. A person of real erudition, of exact and cultured mind, of ideals as high and as far removed from what is vulgar and cheap as those of the Greeks whom he so ably interpreted, Mr. Alden showed what one man can do to uphold the best traditions of scholarship and culture in a public high school. And his career and influence are an effective answer to those who depreciate the value of discipline in the classics, and who assert that there is no room in the schools for the study of Greek, and for the pursuit of culture.

KENNETH C. M. SILLS.

Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me., April 10.

Literature

THE GREAT TRIBUNE.

Mirabeau. By Louis Barthou. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3 net.

It is not surprising that a man whose private life was filled with almost incredible family quarrels, love affairs, law-suits, debts, and imprisonments, and whose public life was such that Gambetta used to call him "the most glorious political genius in France since the incomparable Richelieu," should not have suffered for lack of biographers. In English alone, aside from the ill-conceived biographies of Trowbridge, Watson, and Warwick, there are the solid studies of Stern and Von Holst, the excellent brief sketch of Willert, and the first volume of Fling's new work. Was it worth while to add to the list by the translation of a French Prime Minister's biography of the great Tribune? Unhesitatingly, yes. For it is valuable in estimating the great political leader of the Revolutionary Constituent Assembly to know the opinion of a similar twentieth-century leader—of a man like M. Barthou, who has been in the thick of the legislative fight and knows the game of politics by experience in the Chamber, and not merely by study in the closet. He does not, however, make his study of Mirabeau a stalking-horse for political propaganda; he does not, as Frenchmen are too often inclined to do, make his book an occasion for either justifying or condemning the Revolution. Only rarely does he inject his own twentieth-century views, as when he says: "The Marquis was right when he advocated the foundation of a large number of institutions in which unmarried mothers might place their children and have them brought up."

M. Barthou has been criticised by some of his reviewers for giving so much space—half the volume—to Mirabeau's family and early life before 1789, that is, before the beginning of his public life as the commanding figure in the Constituent Assembly. We are not inclined so to criticise him. For, like the Adamses, the Pitts, and the Hohenzollerns, Mirabeau cannot be separated from his ancestry. He came from a race of immemorial antiquity, whose virtues and vices alike culminated in him. He cannot be understood without some knowledge of the sources from which he sprang. It is a family that should prove interesting to students of eugenics; the same tendencies which are found in the great Tribune—gallantry, wit, sensitiveness, amorousness, intellectual ability, love of polemics, and general "tempestuousness"—are also found running back for generations. With the genius of the family went also, as one might expect, a strain of insanity which was augmented from the maternal side. Mirabeau's grandmother, after an irreproachable life, sank in her eightieth year into a horrible form of dementia characterized by outbursts of violently obscene talk. His mother had aberrations which had not the excuse of old age, and which were not limited to her conversation.

In the chapters on Mirabeau's leadership in the Constituent Assembly, M. Barthou brings out more clearly than other writers the multiplicity of subjects on which Mirabeau spoke with fluency and authority, the complexity of his dealings with the Assembly and with the Court, and the wisdom with which he tried to pursue a moderating middle policy. By reconciling the Monarchy and the Revolution, the authority of the King and the liberty of the nation, he would have spared France the Terror, Cæsarism, and invasion. But he was handicapped by the King's lack of confidence, and by the shadow of the scandalous life of his own youth. "Oh!" he cried on his deathbed, "if I had brought to the Revolution a reputation equal to that of Malesherbes! What a mighty destiny I would have assured for my country! What glory I should have attached to my name!" He was not mistaken in his presentiment. He left a great name which is lit up with a legendary glamour, but his destiny was inferior to his genius.

M. Barthou has no footnotes, but it is evident that he has used the best printed material in French. He admires Mirabeau's genius, but he does not attempt to gloss over his vices and weaknesses. One of the most interesting chapters is the last, in which he seeks to elucidate the doubt which always exists as to the paternity of Mirabeau's books and speeches. He shows to what an extraordinary extent Mirabeau coaxed other able men to look up material and write his speeches for him. The chief of these was a Swiss pastor, Reybaz. Not only did Reybaz write some of the main speeches which Mirabeau hurled at the Assembly, but he was expected to be ready with replies, for we find Mirabeau writing to him, "Follow the *Moniteurs* carefully, so that we can be ready for a reply."

The unnamed translator has succeeded admirably in preserving something of the epigrammatic vigor, humor, and brilliancy of M. Barthou's French original.

CURRENT FICTION.

Vandover and the Brute. By Frank Norris. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The great attraction of Frank Norris is that, direct in method, he is finely imaginative in content; but here we have realism in immature roughness. Its intrinsic value is small beside its importance in filling the chief gap in our knowledge of Norris's development. His first completed novel, it was twin in conception with "McTeague," having been begun in 1894, Norris's senior year at the University of California, and finished in 1895 at Harvard. With neither "Vandover" nor "McTeague" was Norris satisfied. He laid the first away indefinitely, and in 1898 completed and published "Moran of the Lady Letty" before he had quite reworked the second. Ideas and ambitions were then crowding fast, and within a twelvemonth after "McTeague" two more novels—"Blix" and "A Man's Woman"—were published; the conception of a tripartite Epic of the Wheat seized him, and in 1901 came "The Octopus"; and in 1902 his death occurred a few months before the issue of "The Pit." Mr. Charles G. Norris tells how this first novel, which still awaited remodelling, was stored in a chest in San Francisco and was miraculously saved from earthquake and fire.

Vandover is a rich, motherless San Francisco youth who studies at Harvard and there explores life, cultivates a dilettantish talent for art, is left his own master by his father's death, sinks ambition and integrity in slothful luxury, goes from stage to stage of riotous living until money and health are lost, and is discovered at the end a dazed, brutish day-laborer, subject to attacks

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of lycanthropy, cleaning a row of tenements belonging to a one-time friend who has cheated him of his property. The book begins with the full stage of characters, drawn in ultra-detail, which distinguished "The Pit." There is a girl, Turner Ravis, who is introduced with a care presaging an important part, and disappears in 100 pages; there are young men, friends of Vandover, who similarly drop away; his father is a mere sketch; by the middle of the volume the author's powerful moral theme has run away with his pen, and Vandover is centre of a kaleidoscopic yet fateful action in which the outside world figures hazily.

Yet there is no monotony, and a deepening interest attaches to his course. He begins with self-indulgence, the sensuous pleasures of the stomach and armchair; his great impulse towards evil comes with a surreptitious course in the lower world, and betrayal of one of his girl friends, whose suicide drives him to southern California to recuperate; a wreck is brought in for no reason but the description of brutality and hysteria; he takes a studio on his return, is shunned by his friends, and plunges downward. But the unflinching moral conviction of the book lifts it to a place not far below "McTeague" as a powerful private study.

The World Set Free. By H. G. Wells. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mr. Wells is always interesting as a prophet, but his stories written in that vein are sharply distinguished from novels like "Mr. Polly," in which human beings move. What he paints here is a world set free from war, competition, government, and personality. And this enfranchisement comes about within our own century. The chief engine of change is a new weapon, the atomic bomb, deadly beyond parallel.

Mr. Wells does not make this up out of his own head. Characteristically, he finds his materials among the most recent speculations of science. The book is inscribed to Frederick Soddy, or rather to his "Interpretation of Radium." Frederick Soddy, though still in his thirties, has been for ten years a lecturer on radio-activity in the University of Glasgow. As early as 1904 he wrote a treatise on "Radio-activity, from the Standpoint of the Disintegration Theory," and upon this theory his later studies have been based. The theory is, in a word, that radio-activity is a process of disintegration or decay. In radium the process is relatively rapid, hence the spectacular release of power involved; but it is probably going on in all matter. Therefore, says the impassioned Edinburgh professor of Mr. Wells's story, all that we need to give us unlimited control of matter is to discover how to hasten the process of disintegration "in all the other elements, where decay is still so slow as to escape our finest measurements. Every scrap of solid matter in the world would become an available reservoir of concentrated force."

Mr. Wells imagines a world in which this has happened. In 1933 a young scientist sets up atomic disintegration in a scrap of bismuth. It explodes, becomes a powerful gas, and goes through a further series of disintegrations, still giving out energy, and resigning from active service, after a period of months, only to become a particle of gold! From this discovery a new civilization is born, by way of a devastating war to which the atomic bomb gives finality. A dozen of these bombs are enough for the destruction of London, Paris, Berlin, Chicago—most of the greatest cities of the world. They make these cities uninhabitable for a generation, since each bomb becomes a centre of very slowly decreasing activity, a small volcano remaining in eruption for years. So war dies; and, with war, nations and races become obsolete, a World-State is formed; nobody has to work and everybody prefers to; the laboratories do not produce the whole food of the world because people still find it fun to potter about in gardens, and have a weakness for fresh vegetables; all atoms are kept under official observation so that there may be no malign use of them for explosive purposes; life is prolonged and therefore sex loses something of its necessary function; men and women cease to be important as males and females and exist "as parts of and contributions to the universal mind of the race": and nobody is nobody and everybody is everybody: and the world is a place that Mr. Wells, for one, would find it very dull to live in, we are sure. Heaven defend us from his Utopias! But we like his explosions.

Anybody but Anne. By Carolyn Wells. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

A wealthy eccentric has conceived the plan—strongly opposed by his young wife and the son and daughter of his first marriage—of putting the bulk of his fortune into a public library. He goes so far as to have the deed of gift drawn up ready for signing—and the next morning is found dead in his study. Apparently he has died by his own hands, for the room is too impregnably barred and bolted on the inside to permit any other explanation than suicide. Yet the ambiguous nature of the wound, the absence of any weapon to account for it, the fact that his wife's pearls are missing from his safe and the deed of gift from his desk, all point another way. The guests of the house suspect his housekeeper and valet, the neighbors his son, and the servants his wife—by one of whose admirers the investigation of the mystery is prosecuted in the spirit suggested by the title. There is a seemingly inexplicable tangle of incriminating evidence and only one apparent clue—the one that nobody is willing to follow. The quandary is quite enough to satisfy all lovers of this genre. When the time comes for the solution, this proves rather disappointing on the mechanical side, the preparation in one important particular having been most clumsy. On the psychological side, however, the mystery has been more successfully masked, and the fixing of the guilt comes as a genuine surprise.

The Green Graves of Balgowrie. By Jane Helen Findlater. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Over the Hills. By Mary Findlater. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The plot of the first of these stories is a relic of the period when fiction was full of fair women possessed of a degree of sensibility and a delicacy of constitution impossible to realize in these days of lusty feminism. The green graves were those of two young sisters who departed this life during the last quarter of the eighteenth century. These two poor innocents were reared by a cruelly eccentric mother, in unnatural seclusion. So ill-prepared were they to cope with the problems of life that a single flirtation and a trip to London proved too much for Lucy's frail strength. What with the slight put upon her by fickle Captain Charteris, the mortification of having appeared, in the era of hoop-skirts, hoopless upon the London streets, and her fits of hysterical terror at sight of a drawing-room full of strange faces, was it any wonder that Lucy soon developed a cough and a hectic flush? Henrietta, her bookish sister, was of somewhat tougher fibre, and with the support of her elderly clergyman-lover might have weathered the storms of life with fair success had she not in nursing Lucy taken her malady.

After this attempt to revive an obsolete style of pathos, "Over the Hills" comes as something of a surprise. It is the story of a landless youth who loved a predestined daughter of joy and served a prison term for her theft. The plot is poor enough and smugly imagined in many details, but redeemed by passages here and there which Scotland's own muse must have inspired—a strain of loyalty peculiar to Scottish hearts in the character of Dinah Jerningham and descriptions of places like this of the old house of Glarn:

> It stood solitary on the moor, without fence or garden; and sometimes the cattle straying down from the hills would stand so close to the little windows that their breath dimmed the panes as they huddled shoulder to shoulder gazing in at the fire. In summer too, when the

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casements stood open, the sheep cropping the turf about the house would lift their noses to snuff at the window ledges, shying off in alarm at any movement from within; and in the dawn of the morning, before the household was astir, the feet of the beasts might be heard on the very threshold.

We could be grateful for any book that contained a touch like this of artless magic.

NEW BATTLESHIPS FOR OLD.

German Sea-Power: Its Rise, Progress, and Economic Basis. By Archibald Hurd and Henry Castle. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50 net.

Free from insular prejudice and without other motive than that of simply telling the facts, these two English authors explain clearly and sympathetically the motives and manner of Germany's extraordinary naval expansion during the past fifteen years. In the appendices they give conveniently for reference numerous statistics comparing English and German sea-power, and also a translation of the more important navy bills by which Admiral von Tirpitz has cleverly built up the German fleet. A couple of maps suggest the cardinal points of German naval strategy.

The authors begin with two chapters on the naval activities of the Hanseatic League in the Middle Ages and of the Great Elector in the seventeenth century. These are well written, to be sure, but it is rather stretching a point to attempt to show these early maritime enterprises as in any way closely related to the present navy movement. These chapters also contain some minor inaccuracies and repeat the old error of the Elizabethan antiquary who derived "sterling" from the honest "Easterling."

The central and most valuable part of the volume is that which describes the rapidity and cleverness with which Von Tirpitz has accomplished, since 1898, the remarkable transformation of the character and size of the navy. Popular imagination, stirred by Emperor William's "Our future lies upon the sea" and by his other dramatic sayings and aquatic doings, has ascribed to William II himself the chief credit (or discredit) for the increase of the fleet. Not so these authors:

> The keen interest of the Emperor William would not have sufficed to bring about the change which has been wrought during the past fifteen years. The decisive personal factors here have been the fixed purpose, the steady will, the unflagging energy, the inexhaustible patience, the profound political insight, and the rare diplomatic skill of Admiral Tirpitz, the nearest approach to a really great man that Germany has produced since Bismarck. He is the true creator of the German fleet that is and is to be.

In the decade before 1898 the Minister of Marine who preceded Von Tirpitz had not been able to increase the fleet at all. He was a military man who did not know how to deal with politicians; he tried to browbeat them and thumped the table in anger when the budget committee shaved down his estimates. Von Tirpitz had other methods. He devoted himself to the education of the people by means of an elaborate Press Bureau and later by his support of the Navy League. He met opposition in the Reichstag with a smiling reasonableness, and set himself to win the support of opponents by good-natured argument. His triumphant result was the Fleet law of 1898. This provided a naval programme of increased construction for a period of six years, and thereby removed in large part the yearly control which the Reichstag had previously exercised at the presentation of the annual budget. Long before the six years were up England went to war with the Boers and raised thereby in Germany a tremendous wave of Anglophobia. Von Tirpitz at once seized the opportunity to throw overboard the law of 1898 and replace it by a new programme providing a battle fleet of about twice the strength of that legalized.

This 1900 programme was to have remained in force until 1917, but it also has been thrice modified, each time in the direction of greater naval expansion. Experience shows that German fleet laws are regarded as fixed and immutable when proposals are made for the limitation of armaments, but are as flexible as though no Fleet law existed, when political circumstances are favorable for making a further effort towards an increase of the navy. In the wording of the laws, by skilfully using generic naval terms in the loose manner of those unfamiliar with their significance, Admiral Von Tirpitz still further restricted the Reichstag's power of interference and gave complete freedom to the Marine Office in transforming the navy. By styling as a "battleship" every ship of slow speed but carrying an armored belt, and by providing that old battleships should be replaced in due course by new ones, he was soon able to replace dummy ships of 4,000 tons by Dreadnoughts of 25,000 tons. In this way the programme to which the Reichstag had given its consent was observed in letter, but by skilful conjuring small coast-defence ships were quietly converted into first-class sea-going battleships ranking with the most formidable ships in the British fleet.

One of the most valuable chapters is that in which the authors explain why Germans in authority want a big navy. It should be read by pacifists, not because they will agree to any of the arguments, but because it sets forth sympathetically the state of mind of the German ruling classes. This state of mind is a fact which cannot be ignored by practical statesmen. In later chapters the authors analyze satisfactorily the comparative resources of England and Germany in regard to naval expansion and equipment. They also give some account of the different political parties in Germany and the attitude of each towards the navy, but betray ignorance of agrarian conditions and of the development of Socialism in Germany. On the whole, however, their book is accurate and trustworthy. It ought to make people understand more clearly why Germany does not accept with open arms the English proposals for a "naval holiday."

SOCIALISTS AND SYNDICALISM.

Violence and the Labor Movement. By Robert Hunter. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

As an "orthodox" Socialist Mr. Hunter is a firm believer in "political action" as opposed to violence or "direct action" in any form. The first portion of his book is devoted to an historical survey and criticism of terrorism from the days of Bakounin up to the final triumph of Marx and the dissolution of the International. The remainder is devoted to a description of Syndicalism, which Mr. Hunter takes to be the lineal descendant of the early anarchism, and of its inherent antagonism to modern Socialism.

The sketch of Bakounin, his associates, and his activities generally is interesting and instructive. Mr. Hunter leaves on the reader the impression that he is opposed to terrorism and the "propaganda of the deed" mainly because it is ineffective and tends to reaction. For this reason he considers it to be not even "revolutionary" (p. 120). He charges, moreover, that it has been carefully fostered and encouraged by those in power in order to discredit the labor movement (chap. vi). "There can be no doubt," he says, "that the amazing growth of the modern socialistic movement has terrified the powers of industrial and political tyranny. To them it is an incomparable menace, and superhuman efforts have been made to turn it from its path. They have endeavored to divide it, to misinterpret it, to divert it, to corrupt it, and the greatest of all their efforts has been made towards forcing it to become a movement of terrorists in order ultimately to discredit and destroy it" (p. 122).

There is unquestionably a foundation

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of truth in this view. When the author comes to the second portion of his book and deals with syndicalism he uses very much the same lines of argument with regard to it. Allowing that there are certain points of difference between syndicalism and anarchism, in that the former is a group-philosophy, while the latter is strictly individualistic (p. 245), he insists upon the basic antagonism between Syndicalism and Socialism, and he calls Syndicalism "the newest anarchism" (chap. x). Syndicalism, he says, "differs from Socialism both in aim and methods. The aim of the latter is the control by the community of the means of production. The aim of Syndicalism is the control by autonomous trade unions of that production carried on by those trades. . . . Furthermore, the syndicalists differ from the Socialists in their conception of the class-struggle. To the Socialist the capitalist is as much the product of our economic system as the worker. No Socialist believes that the capitalist is individually to blame for our economic ills. The Syndicalist dissents from this view. To him the capitalist is an individual enemy. He must be fought and destroyed. . . . Every worker must be inspired with the aim of destruction" (pp. 238-9). "It is inevitable that Syndicalism and Socialism should stand at opposite poles. They are exactly as far apart as Anarchism and Socialism" (p. 266).

All this is doubtless quite true from the point of view of the "modern" Socialist, who believes that the cause is "indissolubly united" with "political democracy" (p. 353), and that the "Co-operative Commonwealth" is to come via "State Socialism" as an intermediate stage. This is the view taken by Mr. Walling in his "Socialism of To-day," and it consorts more or less with the facts as they are. But it is well to note that the Syndicalists of to-day pretty closely represent the "proletariat" as Marx expected it to be—the difference being that instead of the classes intermediate between the small group of swollen capitalists at the top and the labor army at the bottom having become "proletarianized" (if one may make such a word), there has been an increasing differentiation of the middle classes and a shrinking in relative numbers of the true "proletarians." Modern Socialism has become strictly "revisionist" as against Marx; the Syndicalists are more truly Marxian than are their Socialist critics.

Mr. Hunter will do well to verify his references, if another edition of his book is required. It is not safe to rely upon Lombroso for historic facts. Pages 98-100 are full of errors which might have been easily corrected. One would have thought that on writing the title of Mariana's book, "De Rege et Rege Constitutione" (which he does twice), the author would have suspected that there was something wrong somewhere!

THE GREAT MOUNTAIN.

The Ascent of Denali (Mount McKinley). By Hudson Stuck. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $1.75 net.

From the explorer's point of view, the blizzard which drove Prof. Herschel C. Parker and Belmore Browne back down the slopes of Mount McKinley when a few minutes more would have placed them on the summit, was a tragedy. Obliged to admit that an absolute victory was not theirs, they had conclusively demonstrated the possibility of such a victory and pointed out the pathway by which it was to be attained. The actual attainment fell to the lot of Archdeacon Hudson Stuck, and was only a year delayed. Favored by an interval of clear weather and a temperature of seven degrees above zero, the party was able to stay on the summit a good part of one afternoon and to get a satisfactory impression of the topography of the surrounding territory. Incidentally, what they saw does not tally well with the description given by Dr. Cook in his account of the alleged ascent of 1906, and thus another blow is struck in the needless task of slaying the slain.

At various points on the mountain were found striking evidences of the earthquake recorded by Parker and Browne two days after their descent. Masses of ice torn loose by the shock and piled in vast confusion constituted the chief obstacle to Archdeacon Stuck's ascent, and in his view Parker and Browne were really fortunate in their inability to remain on the mountain for a second attempt on the summit, since their lives would in all probability have been lost in the avalanches of ice and snow which the earthquake occasioned.

An interesting feature of this volume is a clear and convincing account of the "sourdough" expedition of 1910, featured in a very incorrect and misleading way in a New York Sunday newspaper during the summer of the same year. A group of miners and prospectors, "sourdoughs," undertook to accomplish with no special preparation that in which well-equipped "scientists" had failed, and actually did plant their flagstaff upon one of the two peaks into which the mountain divides towards the summit. They happened to select the wrong peak, though Dr. Stuck readily admits that they could have reached the other had they realized in time that it was the higher.

Dr. Stuck has obligingly compressed his relation within the limit of 190 pages, and has still found room for a great deal of interesting comment on subjects merely suggested by his ascent rather than essential to it. His objection to the name "Mount McKinley" will appeal to many as well grounded. Denali, "the great one," has been and still is the name of the mountain to the great majority of the Indians from whose lands it is visible, and it is certainly a correct principle to retain the native Indian names for such features wherever possible. Denali is accurately descriptive in its meaning and at the same time brief and euphonic. Against this what have we as a basis for the name McKinley? We quote from Belmore Browne: "A few years ago I asked Mr. Dickey why he named the mountain McKinley, and he answered that while they were in the wilderness he and his partner fell in with two prospectors who were rabid champions of free silver, and that after listening to their arguments for many weary days, he retaliated by naming the mountain after the champion of the gold standard." The companion peak to the southwest, christened later on Mount Foraker through association of ideas, is known to the natives as "Denali's Wife." The Board of Geographic Names could do worse than to recognize the Indian title in both cases.

FAMOUS LAWYERS AND JURISTS.

Landmarks of a Lawyer's Lifetime. By Theron G. Strong. Dodd, Mead & Co.

This is a work of a kind in which England is much richer than the United States. The memoirs and recollections of English lawyers and judges bulk large in comparison with our meagre production in that sort. Why this is so, there are some obvious reasons, but a few not so evident. It is no doubt true that the life of a British legal or judicial luminary is fuller and more varied than that of one in America. What is true of English public men, in general, as compared with ours, is true also of lawyers. Across the water they seem to get more easily into contact with things and people worth knowing. But we have not made as full literary use as we might of the material we possess. If William M. Evarts had lived in England, for example, we may be sure that a complete Life of him would have been published, which would have delighted with reminiscence and records of his wit. We Americans a little neglect this field.

The more welcome, then, is this volume by Mr. Strong, of the New York Bar. Rather more than half of the book is taken up with recollections of the most famous lawyers and the greatest jurists of his time—Charles O'Conor, David Dudley Field, Evarts, Carter, Porter, and many others; together with a large number of judges of the highest courts of New York as well as of the

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Supreme Court at Washington Mr. Strong writes in an easy and somewhat discursive style, not pretending to make a complete or searching analysis of the men on whom he touches, but glancing pleasantly at one trait after another. Some of his anecdotes are new, and he re-tells the old ones with unfailing zest. His personal chapters are agreeable reading, even if they do not add much to our knowledge of the men with whom he deals. In a more sober vein, but also more instructively, Mr. Strong remarks upon the great changes which have taken place in the legal profession during his lifetime. He plainly does not find all of these desirable or admirable. Some of the ways in which the modern corporation has bound lawyers to its chariot wheels, as well as the organized form of certain kinds of legal practice itself—not to speak of the emergence in the profession of new and not very inspiring types—Mr. Strong makes it evident that he dislikes. But the sustained note of his book is that of geniality; and passing from the subject of fees to that of the lawyer's recreations, he leads the reader to the concluding chapter in excellent temper and with an air of being far as yet from having reached his last landmark.

Notes

Henry Holt & Company announce for publication on May 9 "Russia, the Country of Extremes," by Madame Jarintzoff.

"Whitehead's Conventions of Auction Bridge," by Wilbur C. Whitehead, will be published next month by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The John Lane Company announces for publication on Saturday: "On the Left of a Throne," by Mrs. Evan Nepean; "Red Wrath," by John Oxenham; "Oh, Mr. Bidgood," by Peter Blundell.

SOME years ago Mr. Bryce, now Viscount Bryce, published two large volumes entitled "Studies in History and Jurisprudence." They included two essays, "The Ancient Roman Empire and the British Empire in India" and "The Diffusion of Roman and English Law Throughout the World," which he has now wisely re-issued in a more accessible volume (Oxford University Press), for those who may not care to procure the larger work. Both essays have been revised throughout and brought up to date by the insertion of the latest statistics and by references to recent legislation. In one essay he draws an instructive parallel between the Roman and British systems of imperial conquest and administration, and in the other a similar parallel between the steady extension of the Roman and British systems of law. Both essays are of value to students and administrators who want to see what light the experience of the English in India may throw upon the general question of the relation of the civilized nations to those less advanced races over whom they are assuming dominion; it is a question for the Americans in the Philippines no less than for the Dutch in Java, the French and Germans in Africa, the Russians on the Amur, or the Japanese in Formosa. In view of the author's large grasp of civil and common law, of his unusual opportunities for obtaining intimate personal opinions from scholars and from administrators in authority, and of his genius for the comparative study of institutions, it would be superfluous to commend these two essays written at the height of his intellectual powers and experience.

MOST of the brief essays in "Monologues," by Richard Middleton (Kennerley), have already seen the light in the *Academy* and *Vanity Fair*. In the first paper on The Decline of the Essay Mr. Middleton defines his task: "To me, essays are such leisurely expressions of a humane and agreeable personality as we find in the works of Charles Lamb." The agreeableness of Mr. Middleton's style may be granted—he is adroit, pungent, unexpected, but he gives the appearance rather of desiring leisure than of possessing it, and his humanity is of a specialized type. In all the essays, whether on the New Sex, New Year's Eve, The Philosophy of Gambling, How to be a Poet, The Virtues of Getting Drunk—the philistine or smug person is the butt. He has rarely been taken so seriously since "Yellow Book" days. Mr. Middleton indulges an apocalyptic vision of a moment when the philistine shall overthrow his mentors and joyously indulge his own tastes. Then shall chromolithographs fill the galleries. The essay is one of the best. A rather old-fashioned romanticism is the staple of the thinking, but the little book is modern enough in its insistent cleverness and love of paradox. The best of the essays are literary journalism of a superior type, and occasionally, as in An Election-tide Dream, our author escapes from cleverness into realms of delightful phantasy. Those who like Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton should read Mr. Middleton also.

THAT popular government in this country is suffering grievously from the multiplication of elective offices is the theme of Albert M. Kales's "Unpopular Government in the United States" (University of Chicago Press). This theme is developed with a reformer's zeal, and, it must be added, with a lawyer's prolixity. The multiplication of elective offices is due to decentralization of governmental powers, combined with the belief that democracy means a maximum of elected officers and a minimum of officers appointed. Mr. Kales scores heavily in his analysis of our long ballots, and he has an impressive illustration of the enforced ignorance of the voter resulting from them in an experiment tried by President Judson, who, four weeks before a regular autumn election in Cook County, asked a graduate class to report at the time of the election such facts as they could ascertain about the candidates. Only a small percentage of even the mature men in the class were able to turn in a satisfactory report. The most original part of Mr. Kales's book is his examination of various proposed methods of dethroning the "politocrats." He holds that the initiative, the referendum, the recall, direct primaries, and the like tend to aggravate the evil by multiplying elections, and thus making the services of party leaders as acceptable as ever. His remedy is the short ballot, a remedy which the *Nation* has long advocated. Mr. Kales, however, overstates the difficulty of getting rid of bosses without this reform.

IN "A Vision and a Voice" (London: Robert Scott), Rev. R. G. Phillip has endeavored, he says, "to paint a picture of the times, with an interpretation." He has not been able to make anything so distinct as a picture, nor is there a perceptible element of timeliness in these pages. We have here rather a series of impressions as to the meaning of life and the needs of his fellow-creatures, as recorded upon a pious but not brilliant mind. "The author writes frankly from the Christian standpoint," says the prefatory note, "but has made it his aim not to forget honest seekers after Truth." The inference is, we suppose, that persons who have achieved the Christian standpoint have found Truth beyond need of search. It is to be noted further that the Christian standpoint means the Evangelical. The gloom and absorption of the older Evangelicalism are, to be sure, disclaimed, and a doctrine of cheerfulness and even laughter laid down. But the good cheer of the author appears to the lay mind a trifle laborious. The book is in effect a plea for a return to older practices, Sabbath-keeping, religious instruction in the schools, family worship, and so on. It is earnest and devout rather than illuminating or even suggestive.

SOME thirty-six years ago Dr. Augustus Jessopp, head master of King Edward the Sixth's School at Norwich, published in a very limited edition his study of "One Generation of a Norfolk House." It attracted attention, and the next year (1879) it was brought out in regular form for the trade. Now a third edition has been issued, by Putnams, incorporating the corrections and additions for which the author had long been collecting material, but which failing health had prevented him from making for himself. The editor, without much labor, might have carried the revision even further. Thus Dr. Jessopp's description of the condition of the Jesuit College at Tournai in 1875 is left without alteration, apparently, though it would have been perfectly easy to learn the present status of the school. As a whole, the book retains its vital interest and its value. It deals directly with the group of cousins of the Walpole family, stanch recusants, who, in the later years of Elizabeth's reign, possessed great estates in Norfolk and the adjacent counties. One of them in particular, Henry Walpole, of Anmer, was a devoted Jesuit under the direction of the famous Parsons, and laid down his life as a missionary to save his country from heresy. He is Dr. Jessopp's chief hero, but there is a vast amount of information in the book about the religious byways of the age. The curious in such

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matters may be recommended to read with the present work the life of "Coke of Norfolk," which has recently been brought out in cheaper form. The founder of the Coke family, the great Chief Justice, was a fellow pupil with Henry Walpole at the Norwich School.

L. F. SALZMANN'S "Mediæval By-ways" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) is made up of six essays which originally appeared in the *Oxford and Cambridge Review*. These essays are popular articles of the lightest kind on various topics of mediæval life, such as the alchemists, modes of travelling, coronations, etc.—all treated in the most facetious vein. As the author's object is not to instruct, but to amuse, it would be out of place to take his book seriously. For our own part, we should not go so far afield to be amused. The profuse illustrations which have been supplied by G. E. Kruger remind one of those that adorned Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad."

MR. GEORGE E. WOODBERRY'S volume of verse ("The Flight and Other Poems"; Macmillan) has two distinct, even contrasted, appeals. It has an old-world and old-time quality, lapping, so to speak, both the classic and the barbaric shores of the Mediterranean, portraying the Italian vagabond, the boy of Mitylene, or the Tunisian dancer in concrete settings which might have alternately rejoiced Theocritus or inspired Robert Hichens. The poems exhibit not less distinctly the more poignant and elusive abstractions of contemporary philosophy, the vision which claims to comprise and transcend both good and evil, that affiliation of all religions which approaches so perilously to the annihilation of them all, and, above everything else, the train of ghostly ancestors which attends and influences every human being. The combination would suggest a happy equipoise between the antique and the modern, the concrete and the metaphysical, between Gautier—shall we say?—and Maeterlinck; and the chance of success would hardly be diminished by Mr. Woodberry's reliance on a relatively simple and old-fashioned prosody, aiming at color, body, and swiftness in the verse, and keeping itself sanely aloof from the fretfulness and fussiness of our worried latter-day technique. The results hardly come up to these favorable presumptions; there is something vitreous in the lustre of the verse, something granular in its consistence—a want of plasticity referable no doubt to the absence of the heat of passion. The metaphysical themes are poetically conceived, but they are embodied in crepuscular, though stirring, allegories—narrations in which the proportion of meaning to picture is small and the meaning itself is not always clearly elucidated. For instance, the phrase-title, "Beyond Good and Evil," might express a profound truth or mask a malignant sophism, and, whether from defect or excess of art, Mr. Woodberry's twelve caracoling stanzas leave his own attitude on the point in tantalizing ambiguity. We are confirmed in our impression that the desideratum in this work is emotional vitality by the fact that of four poems which stand out in the memory, "The Riding," "Calogero" (a new and happy version of "Le Chemineau" and "The Beloved Vagabond"), "Comrades," and "In Memoriam" (dedicated to Charles Eliot Norton), three exhibit feelings of exceptional vigor or sincerity. In the other poems we feel that the guns have been trained on the right objects and that their structure is creditable to the gunsmith; the fault lies in the inadequacy of the charge.

CHARLES TENNYSON'S "Cambridge from Within" (Philadelphia: Jacobs) pleasantly supplements Dr. John Venn's recent volume on early Cambridge. Mr. Tennyson's graphic pen describes the collegiate life of the present day in stately Trinity as well as in the smaller colleges, touches upon Newnham and Girton, and in a picturesque way introduces us to the Dons, the freshman, the college cook, the sports and grinds, and the odd characters in and about the old university town. If there is here and there a little too much elaboration of detail, and an exuberance of spirits which betrays the age of the writer, there is also many a felicitous epithet that goes well with the family name. The little book is thoroughly enjoyable, and the illustrations are in harmony with the subject and its treatment.

ONE of the fascinating but perplexing problems in the interpretation of the New Testament is the purpose and theology of the Epistle to the Hebrews. In a recent study, entitled "The Epistle of *Priesthood*" (imported by Scribners), Prof. Alexander Nairne, of King's College, London, advances the hypothesis that the letter was written "when the Jewish revolt against Rome was beginning, to a small group of friends of like mind and education with the author, who were hesitating to break with their nation, and who felt themselves called in honour to forsake Christ, to adopt unchristian politics, and to take up arms for the old religion" (p. 207). The name of the writer is unknown, but his personality and purpose are evident. He is, in fact, a sacramentalist, that is, as our author interprets the term, a poet who "reaches truth by vision rather than by the severity of logical thought" (p. 291); and he writes with a view to showing "that sublimity only comes by limitation and that recognition of real manhood is the truest way to faith in real Godhead" (p. 229). Having established the date and purpose of the letter, and having explained the fundamental sacramental principle of the author, Mr. Nairne proceeds, in an interesting and readable manner, to interpret the leading ideas of the epistle, closing with an elaborate exposition of the same

OUR Rhodes scholars are not wholly given over to the accumulation of athletic honors. Mr. Frank Aydelotte's "Elizabethan Rogues and Vagabonds," issued as volume one of "Oxford Historical and Literary Studies" (Clarendon Press), is evidence of achievement of quite another kind. This interesting monograph concerns itself not merely with the rogue in literature, already the subject of extended study, but with the real Elizabethan rogue, with the changing conditions of land tenure which filled the country with sturdy beggars, with their methods of getting a living, and with the growth of legislation which, in 1575, by the simple device of getting them to work, destroyed the freedom and excitement which gave zest to the life of "rufflers" and "upright men." Against cozeners of a higher order, however, card sharps, players with false dice, pickpockets, and confidence men of all sorts, who came to be grouped under the name of "conny-catchers," each with his appropriate "law" or method of cheating, legislation accomplished very little beyond devising systems of licensing. In a final chapter is discussed, one wishes at times more at length, the large debt which the writers of the rogue pamphlets (Dekker among them) owe to the first-hand observations of earlier writers like Harman and the author of "A Manifest Detection," and to Robert Greene, who was himself not altogether above reproach in this matter of literary "prigging."

LUCE & CO. are starting a series of translations of Oriental works to be issued in small volumes, and apparently for popular consumption. The first of these has already appeared, and contains a version of "The Satakas, or Wise Sayings of Bhartrihari," from the Sanskrit, by J. M. Kennedy. These centuries ("Satakas," to use Mr. Kennedy's transliteration) consist of three sections of epigrams, or brief lyric poems, dealing respectively with love, practical morality, and mystical faith, and form one of the notable works of Sanskrit literature. They have been often translated into English and other Western languages. Mr. Kennedy's version is clear, but lacks lyrical or epigrammatic nerve. His preface gives a brief survey of the principal Hindu philosophies.

THE "Essays in Legal History," read before the International Congress of Historical Studies held in London last year, have been published by the Oxford University Press, under the editorship of Paul Vinogradoff. It is a polyglot collection, for the papers are printed as they were read, in English, German, French, and Italian. Indeed, the Congress must have had a somewhat Pentecostal flavor, "because that every man heard them speak in his own language." Among the essays in foreign tongues, none will be read with greater interest than that by the late Professor Esmein on the maxim, *Princeps Legibus Solutus Est*. It is one of the last productions from the pen of this distinguished legal historian, and it marshals in an admirable manner the evidence in support of his contention that the maxim exercised a profound influence on the development of the public law in France. Among the English essays the most notable are those by Sir Frederick Pollock, on the Transformation of Equity; by W. Blake Odgers, a sketch of the History of the Four Inns of Court, and by W. S. Holdsworth, on the Influence of Coke on the Development of English Law. The last of these should be examined by every one who has read Judge Gest's eulogy of Coke in "The Lawyer in Literature," lately noticed in these columns. While Mr. Holds-

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worth claims for Coke "a place among the great jurists of the world," he concedes Sir Edward's defects both of character and learning. Whether as Attorney-General under Elizabeth or as Draftsman of the Petition of Right under Charles I, "he approached both law and history with the mind of a strenuous advocate." The result is that his history is often inaccurate, and his use of legal precedents is at times inconsistent. Moreover, his partisanship "led him to read into his authorities meanings which they never possessed." Mr. Odgers discourses as entertainingly of the Inns of Court as he has been accustomed to treat of the law of defamation, and Sir Frederick Pollock deals with some recent discoveries in the history of English equity with his usual literary skill. The volume makes a valuable addition to the scholarly side of legal literature.

FOR those who desire a knowledge of the fundamental principles underlying the rate-making policy of railways, and who have not already steeped themselves in the elementary principles of economic theory, there is no better guide than "Outlines of Railway Economics" (Macmillan), by Douglas Knoop. Although written with English conditions almost exclusively in mind, it is in no sense insular in its appeal. In a well-arranged discussion it develops from the simplest principles of demand and supply the more complicated relationships that apply to railway rates—the laws of decreasing and increasing return, determination of price under conditions of monopoly, differential charges, and the influence of cost upon price. What the author has to say concerning regulation and ownership is of special interest to American readers to-day. It appears that recent tendencies in rate regulation are strikingly alike in England and the United States. The requirement in England that railways shall demonstrate the reasonableness of any increase in rates has made them reluctant to reduce rates experimentally, for fear lest, in case the reduction proved unremunerative, they could not again raise them. In other words, inflexibility in rates is one result of more rigid regulation. Again, so far as the decisions of the Railway and Canal Commissioners are concerned, they tend to rest largely, if not entirely, on cost of service. As in this country, rates are established according to one set of principles, and revised according to another.

THE author is doubtful whether State control can continue to develop along present lines. Either the hand of regulation must be lightened to give opportunity for corporate initiative, or the State must go the whole way, and assume a real responsibility through ownership and management. Many interests are demanding the latter alternative, and for many reasons, a number of which are wholly selfish. The author's position is that of a skeptic. He is open to conviction, but insists that without far more exact information than is available at present nationalization would be a leap in the dark. His attitude is that of Mr. Asquith, who replied thus to a committee of the Trade Union Congress, urging State purchase: "However great may be the advantages in the diminution of competition and the coördination of the railway system, I remain of the opinion which I expressed last year, that the burden of proof is upon the shoulders of those who are in favor of the proposal."

ONE of the most popular of French authors of stories of romance and adventure, Pierre Sales, died in Paris on April 9. M. Sales, who was born on December 2, 1856, was originally a bank clerk and later turned his attention to journalism, but for some years he had devoted himself to the writing of novels with a peculiarly Parisian setting, many of which were translated into English, German, Italian, and Spanish. Besides his novels, among the best known of which may be mentioned "Mariage Manqué," "Incendiaire," and "Vipère," M. Sales was the author of two historical works, "Papistes et Parpaillots" and "La Pia dei Tolomei."

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

THE Vienna College of Medicine is discussing various proposals calculated to reduce the number of students of medicine and thus prevent undue competition in the profession. It has already been decided to raise considerably the fees asked of students. They will now pay $1 per lesson, instead of 45 cents, as heretofore. Further, the number of poor students who are allowed to enter the University without paying any fees will be greatly restricted. Until now it was extremely easy for any student who had gone through the gymnasium to obtain permission to undergo a university course without making any payment whatever. The fact that he had passed through the eight years' course with moderately good marks and had obtained certificates of excellent conduct was sufficient to obtain the permission, little trouble being taken to ascertain whether he had talents sufficient to gain a position in a profession where family influence and family wealth play an important part.

A STUDENT will not be accepted if there is a university with a faculty of medicine in the land from whence he comes; thus young men who would wish to benefit by the greater lustre lent by the Vienna diploma will be forced to study in Prague, if they are natives of Bohemia, and will not be permitted to overcrowd the Vienna class-rooms. Foreigners from the Balkans will be admitted as regular students, but the new regulation proposes to exclude all other non-German students of medicine from the regular course. It is proposed at the same time to raise the standard of study and to make the examinations more difficult.

THE *Westminster Review*, once the influential monthly organ of the "philosophic Radicals," has disappeared into the *Ewigkeit*. Founded in 1824, it gained distinction from its association with the two Mills, Sir William Molesworth, Herbert Spencer, Francis Newman, George Eliot, and G. H. Lewes. During John Chapman's editorship of this review, George Eliot was for a time its sub-editor. Of that strange character, Chapman, something may be learned from the "Autobiography of Mark Rutherford." The magazine has retained until the end its peculiar flavor of religious and social heterodoxy, but for a long time it has ceased to be numbered among the influential publications. In recent years any reference to "the *Westminster*" has meant not the *Westminster Review*, but the *Westminster Gazette*, a daily evening paper that has had no connection with it.

A NOTABLE acquisition has been gained by the Rylands Library at Manchester in the MS. of the so-called "Odes of Solomon," discovered a few years ago by Dr. Rendel Harris. A complete photograph of the MS. is to appear shortly in the series of Rylands Library facsimiles. The exact nature of the book has been keenly debated among scholars. Some believe it to be of Jewish origin, but in Dr. Harris's own judgment it is a collection of early Christian hymns. It thus constitutes, as he puts it, "a key to early Christian experience," much as a discovery of the first Methodist hymns—supposing them to have been lost—would furnish a clue to the understanding of the Methodist revival.

THE authorities of the British Museum are making constant and valuable additions to their cheap reproductions, on picture postcards, of some of its treasures. For the small sum of one shilling one can now purchase a set of fifteen cards, with an explanatory leaflet by an expert, reproducing maps of earlier date than the sixteenth century. Laurence Binyon has edited two similar series of Japanese and Chinese works of graphic art, and A. W. Pollard a series of Florentine book illustrations.

IN its new home at Stafford House the London Museum has been drawing large crowds of visitors. The collection itself is twice as large as that which was recently shown at Kensington Palace. It includes 180 pieces of jewellers' and goldsmiths' work, of the early seventeenth century, dug up in a wooden chest in the City about a year ago—presumably the contents of a jeweller's shop hidden away in some emergency. So far as possible, the exhibits are now arranged in chronological order, from the relics of palæolithic London downwards.

THE Mental Deficiency act, passed by a non-party vote last year, has just come into operation in England. Its object is to make better provision for the care of mentally defective persons, who are separately classified as (a) idiots, (b) imbeciles, (c) feeble-minded persons, and (d) moral imbeciles. Hitherto, such mentally defective persons as could not be certified as needing confinement in lunatic asylums have been under insufficient control. The new act secures that they shall be sent to institutions of a suitable type, or otherwise placed under efficient guardianship. The definition of "moral imbeciles" is of special interest in view of its possible application to the hunger-strikers. This

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class consists of "persons who from an early age display some permanent mental defect coupled with strong vicious or criminal propensities on which punishment has had little or no deterrent effect." The latter part of the definition clearly fits the case of the arson squad. The likelihood of any perpetrator of the recent outrages being transferred from prison to a home for defectives will therefore depend on the possibility of proving that she has been mentally weak "from an early age."

Science

The first meeting of the International Surgical Association to be held in this country began its proceedings in New York on Monday. More than 250 delegates, among them representatives of almost every country in Europe, attended the first meeting. In the absence of President Wilson, Dr. William C. Gorgas, surgeon-general of the United States army, welcomed the delegates.

The Harris Lectures of Northwestern University were founded "to stimulate scientific research of the highest type and to bring the results of such research before the students and friends of Northwestern University, and through them to the world." Lecture foundations of this kind are important, as through them we may hope to have clear and correct discussions in untechnical language of scientific questions which will counteract the wrong statements frequently made in popular articles. No one is better qualified to state the problems and achievements of modern physics than Professor Ames, of Johns Hopkins, whose lectures for 1913 on the "Constitution of Matter" have now been published by Houghton Mifflin Co. Professor Ames combines with learning the gift of clear exposition. As a result, those who wish to obtain a knowledge of the recent experiments and theories of the nature of matter and electricity, especially those of Lorentz and Thomson, can be sure of finding them stated accurately and simply in this book. The presswork is good, although attention may be called to two mistakes; on page 97, "non-atomic" is used for "monatomic," and "had" for "has" on page 148.

Dr. Henry Smith Williams has published, through Harper's a continuation of his "History of Science," under the title of "Miracles of Science," in which he aims to bring his former work down to most recent times. Dr. Williams has the gift of discrimination and of picking out those scientific achievements which will interest the general reader. He has also the power of presenting the conquests of science in an entertaining fashion. Thus he gives us a picture which in its broad aspects is correct, in spite of the fact that he is frequently wrong in his details. As this carelessness is likely to lessen respect for his work, it is worth while to point out the most obvious of his misstatements. On page 30, he speaks of an airman travelling through space to the planets and stars and being hampered by "the frigidity of empty space." Temperature is, of course, a property of matter. Thus his airman would be cold or hot according as he was far from or near a hot star. On page 37, the text reads as if a spherical mirror brought all rays to the same focus; what is meant is that a mirror has no chromatic aberration. Professor Lebedew confirmed by experiment the pressure of light before the work was undertaken by Professor Nichols (page 110). The alpha particles (page 114) are not helium; they combine to form helium. The impression is given on page 120 *et seq.* that the conclusions of Professor Ramsay on the transmutations of matter are accepted facts; to say the least, they are open to question. Quartz fibres are, of course (page 64), not made from molten glass. On page 124 we have a misprint, "plantinum' for "platinum," and the elements neon and helium which are driven out of electrodes are generally supposed to exist there in an occluded state and not to be driven out of platinum or glass by the disruption of their atoms. Prof. O. B. Richardson is the correct form of the name (page 131). The plane of a swinging pendulum does not rotate through 90 degrees in six hours except at the poles of the earth; at the equator there is no shifting of the plane of the swing, and elsewhere on the earth it is a function of the latitude. More important than these errors is the undue assurance attributed to scientific experiments and hypotheses. Many of these, especially in biology and in medicine, which Dr. Williams relates as proved facts, are matters of controversy.

Possibly we should grant considerable latitude of expression, when an author is presenting the achievements of science as miracles, and is trying to arouse wonder and awe in the public for matters which are calculated to increase the humility of scientists themselves, who stand baffled at the thought of the complexity of their problem, and who realize how little we really know about our surroundings. The macrocosm and the microcosm are wonderful, and we may well feel awed by the incomprehensible mystery of the universe. But in spite of the intricate motions of stars and atoms, they are simple in comparison to the mystery of human thought and human personality. And the earth, small in size, must still maintain its dominating aspect in the universe, until some other place be found which holds beings more intelligent than ourselves. In spite, however, of Dr. Williams's overemphasis, and of his too-ready acceptance of scientific achievements, this book is interesting and shows what science is accomplishing, whether one thinks of it as miraculous or not.

"Glimpses of Indian Birds" (Lane) is the fifth book written by Mr. Douglas Dewar on Indian ornithology. Indian birds are blessed with pronounced individuality; the sombre, dishevelled "seven sisters" tumbling pellmell one after another across the road; the insistent, brain-fever cuckoo, the dynamic dhyal bird, and the house crow—the superlative of impudence. The author presents about forty short sketches of the more common species. Some of these are of interest only to Anglo-Indians, none calls for special mention. In a rather querulous preface the writer says he has taken this opportunity of attacking "the prevalent theories of protective coloration, because it is impossible for the naturalist who uses his eyes to accept these theories." He also attacks Darwinism and the "Wallaceians," mimicry, natural selection, and several other things, some of which we had thought were at least good working hypotheses. He unfortunately does not propose any more acceptable theories. When we read of the rose finch that "the actual coloring of the feathers becomes intensified as the spring approaches," we realize that Mr. Dewar is very human after all, and quite as susceptible to error as those whom he attacks. He has a deft pen, and some of his *petites histoires* are well worth reading, especially by those who have travelled in India. We especially like his chapters on Vultures and Voices of the Night.

Dr. Joseph D. Bryant, who died on April 7, was born on March 12, 1845. He received his degree from Bellevue Hospital Medical College in 1868, and after filling various positions on the faculty of that institution, became in 1883 professor of anatomy and clinical surgery and associate professor of orthopædic surgery, and in 1898 professor of the principles and practice of surgery. In addition to his professorial work, Dr. Bryant engaged in many public activities. He was sanitary inspector in the New York Health Department from 1873 to 1879, and was a Health Commissioner and member of the State Board of Health from 1887 to 1893. He was appointed Surgeon-General of the State in 1882, and held the office under two successive administrations. Dr. Bryant wrote many treatises on medicine and surgery for medical journals, and was the author of two notable works, "Operative Surgery," published in two volumes, and the eight-volume "American System of Surgery," in which he collaborated with Dr. Albert H. Buck. He was among the first of those chosen for fellowship in the recently formed American College of Surgeons, and was a member of various other medical and scientific associations. The degree of LL.D. was conferred on him by New York University in 1908.

Dr. Alexander F. Chamberlain, professor of anthropology at Clark University, who died on April 8, was born in England on January 12, 1865. He graduated from Toronto University in 1886, received his A.M. degree in 1889, and his Ph.D. from Clark University in 1892. In 1891 he made special investigations of the Kootenay Indians in British Columbia, under the auspices of the British Association. From 1900-8 he was editor of the *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, and he was also department editor of the *American Anthropologist*. He was a member of a number of American and foreign anthropological and antiquarian societies, was the author of numerous essays and papers on anthropological and kindred subjects, and had contributed to various encyclopædias. Among his publications were: "Child and Childhood in Folk Thought," 1896; "The Child—A Study in the Evolution of Man," 1900; "Poems," 1904.

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Drama

A REVIEW OF THE LONDON SEASON.

[We have arranged with Mr. William Archer for a series of monthly articles on contemporary English drama of which the following is the first.—ED. THE NATION.]

LONDON, March 25.

By far the most interesting drama in London is at present being enacted at the Theatre Royal, Westminster, where a Ministry, self-convicted of having handled a difficult situation with astounding weakness, is fighting for its life. The issue of that fight will doubtless be known to the world before these lines are in print. I mention the matter only to give a historic background to the sketch I am about to offer of the theatrical world of London.

Among many striking resemblances, there is, I think, one characteristic difference between theatrical London and theatrical New York. We are—or I am much mistaken—far more acutely self-conscious than you. We are always feeling our own pulse and recording our own symptoms. We might even be accused of chronic hypochondria, for the bulletins we issue as to the state and prospects of the British drama are almost always despondent. There has been no time within the memory of man when the drama was not going to the dogs. Scarcely a season passes without a discussion in one newspaper or another as to the reasons why the public is deserting the theatre, and why there are no actors, or no actresses, or no authors. Various nostrums, too, are proposed for the remedy of these disastrous conditions—such as a reduction of prices, an alteration in the hours of theatregoing, the permission of smoking in the auditorium, and so forth. Meanwhile, the drama goes its way, sublimely heedless of all these prognostications and prescriptions. Money is still invested in theatres, and money, we cannot doubt, is still made out of them. There are, of course, fluctuations, both financial and artistic. One season is fruitful of noteworthy plays, the next may be comparatively barren. But—though the drama has been going to the dogs all the time—the progress of the past twenty years has in truth been amazing. It is measured by the fact that in, say, 1890 no contemporary English drama existed in readable form, except the plays miserably printed as sixpenny pamphlets for the use of amateurs. To-day we have a rich and flourishing dramatic literature, quite comparable in merit, if not in volume, to that of France or Germany. In a large provincial town, not long ago, I noticed one whole window of a leading bookstore devoted to plays, English, Irish, and Scotch, and books about the theatre. Surely a notable sign of the times!

It must be admitted, however, that there are periods when

> The tired wave, vainly breaking,
> Seems here no painful inch to gain—

—and perhaps this season may be reckoned among them. It has certainly not been fruitful of intellectual achievement. It has given us one new play that may, at a pinch, be called intellectual, though scarcely intelligent—Mr. Chesterton's "Magic"—and, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," one extremely interesting Shakespearean production. For the rest, it was distinguished by Mr. Granville Barker's very spirited and successful repertory season at the St. James's, which, announced for three weeks, was continued for two months. But otherwise it has been barren of either productions or revivals of outstanding merit. It remains to be seen whether Mr. Shaw's "Pygmalion," to be produced on April 11, will redress the balance.

Yet even such a season gives no reasonable cause for despondency. To repine because brainless vulgarity bulks large in the bills is simply to quarrel with human nature in its present phase of development. The astonishing thing is, not that the stupid public preponderates, but that the comparatively intelligent public contrives to secure so respectable a minority representation. There are this evening some twenty-eight theatres open in the West End of London. Five of them (and doubtless the most successful) are devoted to musical farce, which, I take it, does not here concern us. Four are occupied by melodramas without the smallest literary or artistic pretension, appealing only to the most unsophisticated playgoers. They are cinematograph shows in which the text is spoken instead of being thrown on the screen. There remain nineteen playhouses at which, if the entertainment is despicable, it is so, as it were, by chance. The managers, I mean, have not deliberately renounced all effort to do good work, though infirmity of judgment, or the thirst for success at any price, may for a time have led them astray. It is noteworthy that only three of these theatres are occupied by plays from the French, one of them being that ingenious piece of clockwork, "Diplomacy," adapted forty years ago from Sardou, and now revived with even greater success than it enjoyed at first. This may seem a rather ominous symptom of public taste; but, after all, which of us does not occasionally relish a neat detective story? Has not President Wilson recently confessed to sharing Prince Bismarck's foible for these harmless ingenuities?

No fewer than six out of the nineteen theatres are occupied by plays either of American authorship or originally produced in America. First among them in point of success stands "Within the Law," an amusing melodrama which has filled the Haymarket for nearly a year. On the other side of the street, at His Majesty's, a revival of "The Darling of the Gods" has been but moderately attractive. Then we have "Broadway Jones," and "Kismet," and, on a higher level, "The Land of Promise," by Mr. Somerset Maugham, and "The Melting-Pot," by Mr. Zangwill, with Mr. Walker Whiteside in his original part. This play has given rise to a good deal of discussion. Some people have been blinded by its high purpose and its intensity of feeling to its artistic defects; others have seen only the artistic defects and not the spiritual beauties. For my part, I adhere to the former party, but I understand the position of the latter.

Of the remaining theatres, two are occupied by utterly negligible comedies of the peignoir-and-pyjama type, in which the attraction consists in the delectable spectacle of a lady preparing for bed, while her estranged but adoring husband is hidden in her wardrobe. The almost simultaneous appearance of two plays with the same central situation was a curious coincidence, but nothing more. One of these pieces, "A Pair of Silk Stockings," by Mr. Cyril Harcourt, is written with a certain facile smartness; the other, "Peggy and Her Husband," by Mr. Joseph Keatinge, has not even that merit. Then we have at the St. James's a pleasant, very slight comedy by Mr. Alfred Sutro, entitled "The Two Virtues." In this Sir George Alexander created no small sensation by appearing for the first time in history in a pair of trousers which positively bagged at the knees. Hitherto the fortunes of the theatre have been thought to be indissolubly associated with the flawless crease down the front of these garments. I hope, without too much confidence, that the success of Mr. Sutro's play may give the lie to this superstition. Certainly Sir George's performance of the quaintly ironic bookworm-hero shows that character-acting is well within his range. The name of Mr. Arnold Bennett is on two playbills. "The Great Adventure," at the Kingsway, is well past its 400th performance—a success which is no doubt largely due to the inimitable performance of Miss Wish Wynne as the heroine. At the Vaudeville, Mr. Bennett is only partially responsible for "Helen with the High Hand," adapted by Mr. Richard Pryce from one of his early novels. It is a curiously ill-made play, but contains a couple of clever character-studies.

Passing over one or two sheer trivialities, we return to the one noteworthy novelty of the season, the dramatic first-fruits of the Chestertonian Muse, the much-discussed, much-be-puffed "Magic." Like so much of Mr. Chesterton's other

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work, it is a piece of genial, unblushing effrontery. Clever it is, undoubtedly—one might even call it a brilliant improvisation. There is a woolly-headed, inconsequent old duke in it, who, being admirably acted by Mr. Fred Lewis, undoubtedly makes the fortune of the play. He is a creation of real originality and humor. There is also a certain distinction of touch in the dialogue: we feel that we have to do with no mere journeyman of the theatre, but a born writer. And a born thinker? Ah, that is the question! It sometimes seems as though "thought" were a misnomer in relation to Mr. Chesterton's mental processes—as though some new word ought to be invented for his freakish and volatile cerebration. His purpose, here as always, is evidently to cast scorn on rationalism and to put in a plea for miracles. What he actually does is to assert the reality of black magic, and to show how one of its practitioners drives a rationalist mad by performing some puerile tricks with a family portrait and a doctor's red lamp. The rationalist is a ridiculous cub who is supposed to have acquired in America a shallow, dogmatic materialism, which Mr. Chesterton apparently imagines to be a characteristically American attitude of mind. There is a scene, which some people find uncannily impressive, in which the stage is supposed to be crowded with invisible spirits of evil; but I cannot say that its diabolism gave me the smallest physical or mental thrill. Altogether, the play is a piece of "fine confused thinking," helped out by good writing and some humor. In a speech after the fall of the curtain on the first night, Mr. Chesterton protested his sincere belief in the doctrines he had advanced; but what they were precisely, he omitted to say.

Presented at a very small theatre and by a company innocent of stars, "Magic" had a fair success and was nearing its hundredth night when its withdrawal was announced. Then, for some appropriately occult reason, a morning paper, the *Daily Chronicle*, was seized with a violent enthusiasm for the play, declared it a burning shame that such a masterpiece should not have a longer run, and devoted itself day by day for two or three weeks to puffing it into popularity. All sorts of advertising devices were adopted—among them an afternoon debate on miracles, held on the stage of the theatre, in which Mr. Chesterton himself figured as protagonist. Mr. Bernard Shaw was present on the occasion, but did not speak: whereupon every one said that miracles evidently did happen. Then Mr. Shaw came to Mr. Chesterton's aid with a one-act absurdity named "The Music-Cure," which was played before "Magic." By these means the life of the play was prolonged some fifty nights; but as I write its sands are running out. The moral seems to be that for solid success something more is needed than brilliant improvisation.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

"THE TRUTH."

New York is having an opportunity to mend its first impression of Clyde Fitch's domestic comedy, "The Truth," which has been revived by Winthrop Ames at the Little Theatre. Rejected by New York when it was first produced, it was warmly received in other parts of the country and had a run of more than a year in London, where Marie Tempest played the principal part. Broadway's initial offishness towards "The Truth" is significant, for Broadway is the home of "typical" American humor, and this play is neither strongly American in flavor nor humorous. It has the wit of French comedy, on which it was evidently patterned. And though several situations lend themselves to broad farce, on the whole it is the biting dialogue which tells.

"The Truth" is characteristic of Fitch's best, just as it reveals his limitations. He had an opportunity for a rewarding study of a person akin to Becky Sharp and Hedda Gabler, though placed in an airier, lighter sphere. Becky Warder is as prone to tell lies as are the other two to work more grievous evil. Their plight must lead to tragedy, hers at most will flirt with tragedy. She lacks their egotism and hardness, but, like them, lives on the admiration of men, which, of course, furthers her besetting sin. For she will lie rather than admit to her husband the pleasure which such excitement gives her. There need be no great improbability in this character. Only she requires the subtlety which comes from a high-strung temperament. Fitch's Becky, at least as played at the Little Theatre by Grace George, has the naïveté of a child fibbing. This made for sweetness and charm, but destroyed the chance for depth. In part, the author was responsible, for Becky's particular weakness is asserted by him to be inherited, and to that extent she is a puppet.

Yet Becky, even so conceived, is a very absorbing figure, and undergoes at least the development of a naughty child, become repentant, with the added interest which a married woman's responsibility bestows. And in the last two acts, where she has been brought into distress by her folly, one forgets the puppet of the premises, and enters wholeheartedly into the present situation. If he had lived, Clyde Fitch would undoubtedly have done more convincing work. But the promise which he here showed was enormous. We recall no other recent American play which is so clean-cut in outline or so neat in respect to dialogue.

For this revival Mr. Ames has made fortunate selections. Of the original cast only Zelda Sears, as Mrs. Crespigny, remains. But the performance was excellent throughout. Besides Grace George, who replaces the late Clara Bloodgood, the persons in the play include: Isabel Irving, as Eve Lindon; Conway Tearle, as Lindon; Sydney Booth, as Tom Warder; Fanny Hartz, as Laura Fraser; and Ferdinand Gottschalk, as Roland, Becky's father.

F.

"PINAFORE" AT THE HIPPODROME.

Four weeks ago the suggestion was made in an article in the *Nation* that an examination of the texts of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, conducted in the approved manner of German scholarship, might form an appropriate subject of a thesis for the Ph.D. degree. We can hardly flatter ourselves that our suggestion inspired the Shubert management to undertake the researches which have culminated in the production of "Pinafore" at the New York Hippodrome, for so spectacular an affair must have required considerably more than a month's elaboration; but it is obvious that painful and laborious research must have been expended on the immediate and collateral branches of the family of the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., since the whole fabric of the production is based on the assumption that that ornament of Her Majesty's navy came of a prolific stock, being blessed with "sisters and cousins and aunts" running in quantity into three figures. Four hundred is the number of the chorus; so that if, for the sake of simple arithmetic, we grant equality to the sexes, a conservative estimate of the female relatives of Sir Joseph Porter would put their number at two hundred.

To accommodate two hundred fair visitors and a corresponding number of amorous sailormen naturally presupposes a considerable area of deck space on the good ship Pinafore. Happily the proportions of the Hippodrome arena and the ingenuity of the stage architects are adapted to meet the emergency; so we have a magnificent spectacle of an entire battleship of Her Majesty's fleet, solid and substantial, with masts, and spars, and ropes, and top-gallants, and bunting, and every other nautical appurtenance, all complete, floating, or at least sitting, in real water. If the small craft paddling alongside the battleship left any doubt about the reality of the water, it would be dispelled when the Dick Deadeye of the occasion tumbles in with a side-splitting splash.

As a spectacle there can be nothing but praise for the Hippodrome production; there can be nothing but praise, too, for the management which has afforded a timely demonstration of the fact that over-elaboration of the spectacular cannot be accomplished without loss of qualities that may be of more importance. To build a big ship in a theatre and man real rigging with real sailors is an entirely praiseworthy feat, but why drag in Gilbert and Sullivan? The large chorus is admirably trained, and such ensembles as "He is an Englishman" naturally go with a tremendous swing; but mere volume of sound plays a very unimportant part in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas; their wit and satire are delicate; their comedy is not of the broad variety. In the Hippodrome production the subtlety of Gilbert's lines is inevitably lost; the words of the lyrics, which are as important as the music, are often difficult to catch in the huge auditorium;

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the humor must be broadened out of all recognition to gain any effect whatever.

S. W.

NOTES.

Justin Huntly McCarthy has written a romantic drama, "Charlemagne," with the Emperor's early life as its subject. His chief character is described as a blend of Benedick and Petruchio.

Another addition has been made to the list of long runs by the anniversary performance in London of "Diplomacy," which is believed to have created a record for a revival. On its original production, in 1878, this play had the creditable run of 325 performances. It may be recalled that its title was selected by chance. Several suggested titles were put into a hat, and the first that was drawn was adopted.

Edward Knoblauch has selected "My Lady's Dress" as the title of his new play, to be produced by Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie, at the London Royalty, on April 21. Each of the three acts is divided into three scenes. Details of the cast are withheld, the assumption being that, as in the case of "Milestones," each character plays so many parts that to publish particulars beforehand would be to indicate the trend of the story.

Sir Charles Wyndham, who has just entered his seventy-eighth year, is learning a new part in "Nobody's Widow," which he has had in his possession for some years. He says that he has no present intention of retiring from the stage, but will give no warning when he makes up his mind to do so.

Some progress has been made towards the establishment of a People's Theatre in London upon the plan advocated by Rosina Filippi. She has been able to obtain the old Victoria Theatre, which was opened on Monday for an experimental season of four weeks, during which performances will be given of "The Merchant of Venice," "The School for Scandal," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Candida." Seats will be sold for one penny or two pence. The costumes and scenery have been borrowed and so cost nothing.

The Comédie Française has brought an action against M. Le Bargy to recover damages from him for leaving the National Theatre to play elsewhere contrary to the agreement signed by him when he became *pensionnaire*. The case is now before the First Chamber of the Civil Tribunal of the Seine. M. Le Bargy has turned the tables on the theatre by bringing a counter-action, in which he claims $20,000. The ground of his plaint is that the Comédie Française failed in the engagements entered into with him in 1887, and that therefore the contract is vitiated. Since leaving the Comédie Française, M. Le Bargy has been engaged at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, where he has played, among other parts, that of Cyrano de Bergerac. The Comédie Française now asks the Tribunal to prevent M. Le Bargy by injunction from continuing his engagement at the Porte St. Martin. The fine demanded is $400 for each performance.

Music

THE RUSSIAN DANCERS.

The theory of the Russian dancing is well set forth in a sumptuous volume recently published by Houghton Mifflin ("The Russian Ballet," by A. C. Johnson, illustrated by René Bull, $7.50). Its practice has been exemplified during the past two weeks by the performances of Pavlowa and her company at the Manhattan Opera House, New York. A new ballet, "Amarilla," was presented at the opening performance, a delicate little piece in one act, telling the love of a gypsy maid for a Count, the setting being of a *fête champêtre*. The story is relatively easy to follow, and Mlle. Pavlowa's representation of the alternating despair and passion of Amarilla is beautifully executed. M. Novikoff, *premier danseur classique*, meets with hardly less appreciation than Pavlowa herself. He is a magnificent figure of a man, and his technical skill is remarkable, but he lacks some of the joyous abandon that was characteristic of Mordkin's dancing. The supporting company is made up of finished dancers, only in degree inferior in skill to the principals. One of the most gracious items on the first night's programme, "Moment Musical," was contributed by Mlles. Plaskowieczka, Butsova, and Crombova.

Pavlowa herself, whether in the ballet or in her individual divertissements, remains the supreme exponent of her art. One need not institute comparisons with an artist, for instance, like Genée, supreme in her own sphere, but Pavlowa adds to perfection of technique an impression of the joyfulness and fulness of life which is unmatched by any other dancer, even of the wonderful school in which she herself was trained. She brings to her art the expression of her own personality in the same way that Ellen Terry's own bubbling personality made her Portia so irresistible. S. W.

"The Song Garland" (Macmillan) is a collection of songs for girls of high-school grade which has been made with taste and judgment by Jules S. Joannès. The topical index includes five divisions: Songs Patriotic, Miscellaneous, School, Folk, and Devotional. There are no four-part songs, because of the limited range of the high-school girl's voice. "Improving Songs for Anxious Children" (Schirmer), by John and Rue Carpenter, invokes the aid of colored pictures, partly comic, to get children interested in simple tunes. "Thirty Songs," by Franklin Hopkins (Cecil Mackie), is an ambitious attempt to "foster a real school of English song." Mr. Hopkins believes that the great English poets have been unjustly neglected by song writers, so he comes to the rescue with this "Golden Treasury Set to Music." "Historical Mother Goose" (Schirmer) contains lyrics by Ella Wheeler Wilcox set to music by Louis F. Gottschalk. They were written, we are informed, because the children's songs of a former generation, such as "Hey, diddle, diddle," with their accompanying vapid music, "no longer satisfy discriminating people." Too bad! "Bergerettes" (Ditson) is an interesting collection, by J. B. Wekerlin, of romances and songs of the eighteenth century. As librarian of the Paris Conservatoire, M. Wekerlin had unusual opportunities for selection, and his little volume, which has an introduction by Frederick Martens and English versions, as well as the original French words, may be commended to all who are interested in French music of the time of hoopskirts, powdered wigs, and gold snuff-boxes. "Songs of Britain" (Boosey) is a volume of one hundred English, Welsh, Scotch, and Irish national songs, selected and edited by Frank Kidson and Martin Shaw. Some of the most familiar tunes are omitted, to make room for songs that have not received sufficient attention. "Elizabethan Love Songs," second set (Boosey), contains songs by Dowland, Morley, Bartlett, and other seventeenth-century composers. Albert Spalding is making a name for himself as a composer no less than as a player. The Schirmers have recently printed six of his "Compositions for Violin and Piano" that may be favorably called to the notice of violinists. "Thirty Organ Pieces for Use in Christian Science Churches" (Ditson) contains preludes, offertories, and postludes, selected by Walter E. Young, with special reference to the needs of that church, which calls for music "conforming to the quiet dignity and simplicity of the service, free from display, undue elaboration, or conspicuousness." Besides Guilmant, Dubois, and other organists, some of the greatest masters, including Bach, Saint-Saëns, Schumann, Mendelssohn, and Tchaikovsky, are laid under contribution. Tchaikovsky's music, except at symphony concerts, is not yet as well known as it deserves to be. One welcomes, therefore, a collection of five of his best piano pieces and two songs: "Tchaikovsky" (Stokes). The music is prefaced by a short biographic sketch by Landon Ronald.

The great English tenor, Edward Lloyd, recently celebrated his sixty-ninth birthday. He is in excellent health, says the *Westminster Gazette*, adding that "since his retirement in 1900, an event signalized by a brilliant farewell concert in the Albert Hall, the scene of so many of his past triumphs, Mr. Lloyd has resided in Sussex, and now has his home in Worthing. He emerged from that retirement to sing the solo in Sir F. Bridge's Homage anthem at the King's Coronation, when every one was amazed at the beauty of his singing. Mr. Lloyd has also made many 'records' for the Gramophone Company which will convey to future generations the fine quality of his voice. He is one more example of the healthiness of singing, for his friends, Madame Patti, Sir Charles Santley, and Madame Albani, have all preserved their vocal powers far beyond the usual age for singing. Mr. Lloyd attends concerts occasionally, and sings in private with most of his accustomed vigor."

Stravinsky, reputed the naughtiest of the Russian—if not of all—cacophonists, has perpetrated an opera which is to have its first performance in London during the coming summer. Two other Rus-

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sian novelties to be produced by the Beecham Opera Company are Borodin's "Prince Igor" and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Coq d'Or." The name of Stravinsky's opera is "Le Rossignol." A feature of the London season will be the appearance of Chaliapine as Boris Godounoff. Fourteen Russian ballets are to be presented; also Richard Strauss's new ballet, "The Legend of Joseph," which is to have its première in Paris on May 25.

According to a writer in the London *World,* "quite the most impressive feature of a very impressive season has been the enormous queues, sometimes extending right round the corner of Floral Street, for the later performances of 'Parsifal.' On the first night the gallery was barely full; by about the tenth performance the gallery crowd would have filled the theatre. That is London's way."

Art

OLD PAINTINGS RE-DISCOVERED.

PARIS, April 2.

New finds of old art are not ended, as may be seen from the experience of M. Adrien Mithouard, who is a man of letters and a Paris municipal councillor. He decided at the beginning of March that he would look conscientiously through the all but unknown storehouse of fine art possessions of the city. When the Petit Palais, in the Champs-Elysées, was organized after 1900 as a museum of city collections, it was supposed that the storehouse had been thoroughly explored. It seems now that numerous old paintings from demolished or disaffected churches, stored away and forgotten and veiled by dust, were passed over. In a few hours, the inquisitive Municipal Councillor brought to light five paintings which any collector would be glad to possess:

I. An Adoration of the Shepherds, which an old inventory of art possessions of the city of Paris shows was hanging in the former parish church of Auteuil, where the storehouse is situated. It is set down as of the Venetian school, and M. Mithouard maintains against all comers that it is a genuine Tintoretto. This may not be true, but is quite possible. Curious art students who have looked into the many volumes of the inventory of national art treasures, printed many years ago by the French Government, have been able to make veritable discoveries in obscure chapels and dark corners of churches. Instances as late as Corot and Delacroix have been found in Paris, and an Immaculate Conception of Millet in the French church at Rome. In the ancient churches, paintings of old masters like this new find have been hanging from the contemporary period.

II. Jesus Driving the Money-Changers from the Temple, from the old Church of Foreign Missions. This is a fine work which M. Mithouard attributes to one of the Restouts or to the elder Boulogne—in either case to a comrade of Poussin in Italy.

III. Saint James, curious in style and known to come from the studio which Rubens, according to his wont, established for art production while he was himself turning out paintings for Henry IV.

IV. Saint Isabelle, sister of St. Louis, King of France, and foundress of the celebrated Abbey of Longchamp, of which the mill remains at the Paris racecourse in the Bois de Boulogne—ordinary as painting, though by Philippe de Champaigne, but of historical interest.

V. A Flagellation, of interesting style, by an early German painter under Italian influence. In the old inventory a work of similar style is assigned to the ancient Church of Notre Dame de Bonne Nouvelle, which has given its name to a portion of the Paris Boulevard; but that painting seems to be still hanging in the church.

M. Mithouard says there are at least a dozen equally "honorable" paintings from schools of the old masters which he has not yet had time to extract from these neglected art stores of the city of Paris. One is a Saint Dominic and Pope Honorius, by Cardi, known as Cigoli, who occupies an important place in the genealogy of Italian art from Michelangelo to the School of Bologna. Like Rubens, he was engaged in Paris for the marriage of Henry IV and Marie de Médicis. He is represented at the Louvre and in Brussels, Munich, and Rome, but apparently not in London.

The latest thing they say—not, as in the song, at the Ambassadors' Café, but at the Paris Salon of the Indépendants—concerns the ultra-modern school of "Synthetists," for Cubists and their time belong to ancient history. Its ambition is to create "biological painting," in which it has already made the following discoveries: "color lines, colored zones, the orchestration of these zones and their nutrition, coloring *propagulæ*, associative sensorial perceptions—and the unity of art phenomena." It insists on "the utility of the previous breaking of forms, with an aim to better visual synthesis; on the narrowing of the field of consciousness among non-colorists and the exciting of materialist philosophy among the near-sighted." As to those likely to oppose the new art, its creator and initiator, Alexis Mérodack-Jeaneau, gives them due notice they shall not trouble him, for they are "protozoa of art whom every new effort scares, who take their pleasure in muddy marshes contemplating rotting ruins." And he leaves them to their own "non-conscience."

Those who love Old Paris and dream of some preservation of it, like parts of an historic collection, will be glad to hear that the twelfth-century Church of Saint Julien-le-Pauvre is to be cleared for an outlook across the river Seine to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, whose architecture it illustrates. The buildings towards the river are already torn away and the new School of Decorative Arts is to be built along the Quai. This was the quarter known to Dante, who studied in an adjoining street that still keeps its name—rue du Fouarre—from the "forage" on which students sat and listened to—Sigier,

Who, reading lectures in the Street of Straw,
Did syllogize invidious verities.

S. D.

"The Studio Year Book of Decorative Art" for 1914 and "The Year Book of American Etchings" will be published on Saturday by the John Lane Company.

Houghton Mifflin Company announces the publication of "The Ministry of Art," by Ralph Adams Cram.

Emile Mâle's "L'Art Religieux en France" needs no introduction or praise. For a matter of ten years, it has been an indispensable aid to students and a valued resource for all cultured persons who deal with the Middle Ages. We have merely to note the appearance of a good English translation in large quarto form and fully illustrated (Dent-Dutton, $6 net). The translator, Dora Nussey, has used the third edition and has produced a translation that has the quality of an original piece of literature. It was the peculiar service of Mâle to show that the windows and portals of the great Gothic churches follow step by step approved Latin authorities. Boethius, Honorius of Autun, the vast compilations of Vincent de Beauvais, the Golden Legend, are frequent sources. Thus Gothic art is profoundly systematic and orthodox, not a wildling as Hugo and Viollet-le-Duc had romantically supposed. The skill of the sculptors and glass painters is put to the test to find clear forms for such abstractions as the vices and virtues, the *psychomachia,* the hierarchies of the angels, the months, the church, and the synagogue. What is remarkable about this French art is its persistent symbolism. Sacred history rarely appears in its own right. The most familiar Gospel theme must be flanked by antitypes and moral analogies. Everything means something else. Symbolism assumes a bewildering consistency. Mental meanings take form and semblance of reality. The passion for analogy rules the cathedral builders, and the sculptors follow the theologians with humble skill. In comparison with the Gothic figure design of France, that of Byzantium and Italy seems singularly straightforward and epic. The Bible is taken at its historic face value. Men believe unfancifully. Symbolism yields to mere moral example. We can only indicate thus briefly some of the broader implications of this important and illuminating book. A welcome may be confidently predicted for "Religious Art in France, XIII Century," and many readers will await with real impatience the trans-

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lation of M. Mâle's second and conc volume.

George Bentham, who died on A_ , at the age of sixty-four, was born in the North of Ireland, and came to this country some twenty-five years ago. For many years he was in the employ of the *Century Magazine*, and afterwards was for a long time an artist on the Chicago *Post*. Mr. Bentham was well known as a collector of books, curios, and works of art. He was an authority on porcelains, and was considered the greatest silver-print artist in this country. He was one of the first to recognize the genius of William Morris as a printer, and at one time he made a specialty of collecting the works of Sir Edward FitzGerald, of which he issued a definitive edition in seven volumes from the De Vinne Press.

Finance

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Very generally overlooked, for a period when observances of "centennials" and "semi-centennials" are so generally the order of the day, there occurred last week the hundredth anniversary of an event of extraordinary interest, both to the course of history and to the great financial markets of that generation. It was on April 11, 1814, that Napoleon abdicated and assented to his own banishment to Elba. When the present-day course of European politics is so strikingly reflected in the market for British consols (whose present price is 76, as against 71 last year and 113⅞ in 1897), as well as in the "City sentiment" of London, a glance at what happened in those directions at that other date ought to be interesting.

Consols had reached 79 after the Peace of Amiens with Napoleon, early in 1802—a price higher than any touched in the eight preceding years. They fell to 50¼ when war with France was resumed in 1803, and, in the subsequent decade of perpetual fighting and governmental borrowing, ranged between that price and 70. In 1813, when Napoleon, despite his disastrous retreat from Russia, turned on the allied armies and beat them at Dresden, consols got down again to 54½. His overwhelming defeat at Leipzig in the autumn of that year, and the advance of the Allies into France, sent them up to 67½. When news came of the capture of Paris and of Napoleon's abdication, they went with a rush to 72½.

The London *Times*, which fairly reflected "City sentiment" of the day, greeted that epoch-making event with a series of observations, in its leading editorials, which read to-day as strangely as the debates and newspaper editorials on the "Ulster crisis" will possibly read a hundred years from now. Much was naturally said of "the heartfelt and universal joy which pervades this great metropolis" on what seemed to be the end of the ten successive years of war; much of the decoration of London, on the news of April 11, with "the most brilliant illumination ever witnessed." But the broader conclusions drawn from the state of mind which thereupon prevailed may be seen from the following excerpts, both from the *Times's* leading editorials of the period.

Napoleon's proclamation of abdication was, the *Times* assured its readers, "undoubtedly drawn up by the little dirty hypocritical villain himself"; a statement followed by this further reference to the defeated Emperor, in language not perhaps unnatural in view of London's long period of political and financial agony, but highly interesting as an attempt to foreshadow the verdict of later generations:

> After all, this fellow has gone off the stage like a more decided coward than Robespierre himself, the only character in French history who will ever be cited as approaching a parallel with him.

So much for London City opinion of 1814, as a forecast of the opinion of later history. As to its other views of the situation, one might have thought that London and its newspaper organs would have called for assurance of permanent and universal peace. Yet this further and highly interesting attempt at historical perspective is from a leading article in the *Times* of a few days later:

> It is understood that part of our army in France will immediately be transferred to America to finish the war there with the same glory as in Europe. . . . The American Government is in point of fact as much a tyranny (though we are far from saying it is so horrible a one), as was that of Buonaparte, and as we firmly urged the principle of *No Peace with Buonaparte;* so, to be consistent with ourselves, we must in like manner maintain the doctrine of *No Peace with James Madison.*

The *Times* was as accurate in its historical diagnosis as its readers occasionally find it to be to-day. That the editor had been "tipped off" by the Foreign Office as to its purposes in America is probable; for, in point of fact, Gen. Pakenham and 7,000 veterans of Wellington's Peninsular campaign were shortly sent to New Orleans, where the General lost his life and the troops were overwhelmed in Jackson's famous victory. But the Government nevertheless so far disagreed with the *Times's* notions of consistency as to sign at Ghent, on December 24, 1814, the treaty of peace with the American commissioners, which ended our so-called "War of 1812." Nor was this all. In February, 1815, the *Times's* "little dirty hypocritical villain" left Elba, landed in France, reassembled his army, reoccupied Paris, a moved on Belgium to meet Wellington and Blücher. Even the *Times* began to speak of Napoleon with at least more respect for his abilities. French Government 5 per cents fell from 81½ to 55⅛ in the first half of the Hundred Days which followed the return from Elba. In June, on the eve of Waterloo, and on the news of Napoleon's victory at Ligny, British consols were down to 53¾, as against the 72½ on the news of his abdication, fourteen months before.

Waterloo was fought; Napoleon's army annihilated. The Restoration and his permanent imprisonment at St. Helena followed. One might suppose that consols would thereupon have soared to a level higher than any reached in the dozen preceding years of almost unintermittent warfare. But this did not occur. Contrary to the popular belief which surrounds the legend of Rothschild's enormous Stock Exchange operations, based upon early and exclusive news of the result at Waterloo, consols rose scarcely 5 points on the authentic details of that famous contest, and it was two years more before they again touched the price to which they went on the news of April 11, 1814.

Anywhere but in a Stock Exchange community, such absence of dramatically appropriate response would seem utterly paradoxical. But Wall Street and Lombard Street have heard in modern times of such practices as "realizing on good news," and the very recent days of European discouragement over the market's behavior in the face of "new capital issues" gives some clue to the action of the British market of that older period, when the English Government, on top of its prodigious borrowings in the earlier war with France, had to place £24,000,000 new loans in 1814, £54,000,000 in 1815, and when it was 1816 before the enormous public debt reached its maximum of the period.

A. D. NOYES.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

FICTION.

Brooks, V. Little Lost Sister. Chicago: Gazzolo-Ricksen. $1.35 net.
Conrad, J. Chance. Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net.
De Jessen, F. M. Katya. Boston: Luce. $1.40 net.
Johnson, A. S. The Professor and the Petticoat. Dodd, Mead. $1.30 net.
McLaren, A. Through Other Eyes. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Oppenheim, J. Idle Wives. Century. $1.30 net.
Rives, Amélie. World's End. Stokes. $1.30 net.
Skrine, Mary J. H. Bedesman 4. Century. $1 net.
The "Goldfish." Anonymous. Century. $1.30 net.
The World's Classics: Round the Sofa, by Mrs. Gaskell. Oxford University Press.
Waller, Mary E. From an Island Outpost. Boston: Little, Brown.

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Yeats, W. B. Red Hanrahan. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Bradford, G., jr. Confederate Portraits. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2.50 net.
Cassavetti, D. J. Hellas and the Balkan Wars. Dodd, Mead. $3 net.
Essex Institute Historical Collections. Vol. L. Salem: Essex Institute.
Garnett E. Tolstoy. London: Constable. 75 cents net.
Guérard, A. L. French Civilization in the Nineteenth Century. Century. $3 net
Major, A. F. Early Wars of Wessex. Cambridge: University Press.
Mumby, F. A. Elizabeth and Mary Stuart. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $3 net.
Rambaud, A. Histoire de la Russie. Paris: Hachette.
Todd, C. B. The Washington's Crossing Sketch Book. New Jersey: The River School of Art.
Usher, R. G. The Rise of the American People. Century, $2 net.
Waddington, M. K. My First Years as a Frenchwoman. Scribner. $2.50 net.
Woolf, C. N. S. Bartolus of Sassoferrato. Cambridge: University Press.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Dewing, A. S. Corporate Promotions and Reorganizations. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.
Helfferich, K. Germany's National Wealth. Germanistic Society of New York.
National Tax Association. Seventh National Conference, 1913. Madison.
Phillips, P. C. The West in the Diplomacy of the American Revolution. Urbania: University of Illinois.
Plunkett, H. The Irish Question. London: Macmillan.
Salin, E. Die Wirtschaftliche Entwicklung von Alaska. Tübingen: Mohr.
Smith, H. E. The United States Federal Internal Tax History. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, $1.50 net.
Thurston, E. The Madras Presidency. Cambridge: University Press.
Whitehouse, J. H. Essays on Social Questions. Cambridge: University Press.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Alexander, A. B. D. Christianity and Ethics. Scribner. 75 cents net.
Brundage, W. M. Religion as a Personal Experience. Boston: American Unitarian Association. $1 net.
Cooper, C. S. Bible Study in the Work of Life. Knickerbocker Press.
Dobschütz, E. von. The Influence of the Bible on Civilization. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Galloway, G. The Philosophy of Religion. Scribner. $2.50 net.
Maurer, I. Prayers of the College Life. Northampton.
Moulton, J. H. Early Zoroastrianism. London: Williams & Norgate.
Scott, Gilmore, and Others. The Church, the People and the Age. Funk & Wagnalls. $3 net.
Weinel and Widgery. Jesus in the Nineteenth Century. Edinburgh: Clark.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Arden Shakespeare: Romeo and Juliet. Heath. 25 cents net.
Elliott, E. C. City School Supervision. Yonkers: World Book Co. $1.25 net.
Faguet, E. Initiation into Literature. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Keppel, F. Columbia. Oxford University Press. $1.50 net.
Peers, E. A. Elizabethan Drama and Its Mad Folk. Cambridge: Heffer.
Putnam, G. H. Memories of My Youth. Putnam.

SCIENCE.

Brewer, G. W. S. Educational School Gardening. Cambridge: University Press.
Caspari, W. A. India-Rubber Laboratory Practice. London: Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Darzens, G. Chemistry. Doubleday, Page. 50 cents net.
Lock, P. H. Rubber and Rubber Planting. Cambridge: University Press.
Lowry, E. B. Teaching Sex Hygiene. Chicago: Forbes. 50 cents net.
Morse, J. L. The Care and Feeding of Children. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

ART.

Annual of the School of Architecture. Architectural Society.
Archiv für Kunstgeschichte. Leipzig: Seeman.
New Guides to Old Masters: London, Paris. By J. C. Van Dyke. Scribner. $1 net.
Sladen, D. How to See the Vatican. Pott. $2 net.

REFERENCE.

Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Report for 1913.
Catalogue of Opera Librettos Printed Before 1800. Prepared by Sonneck. Library of Congress.
Who's Who in Music and Drama. 1914. Hanaford.

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